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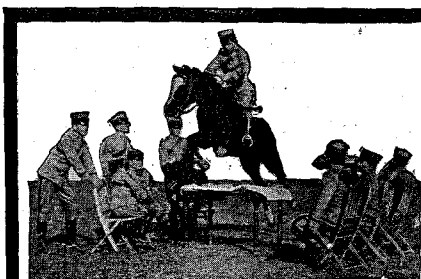
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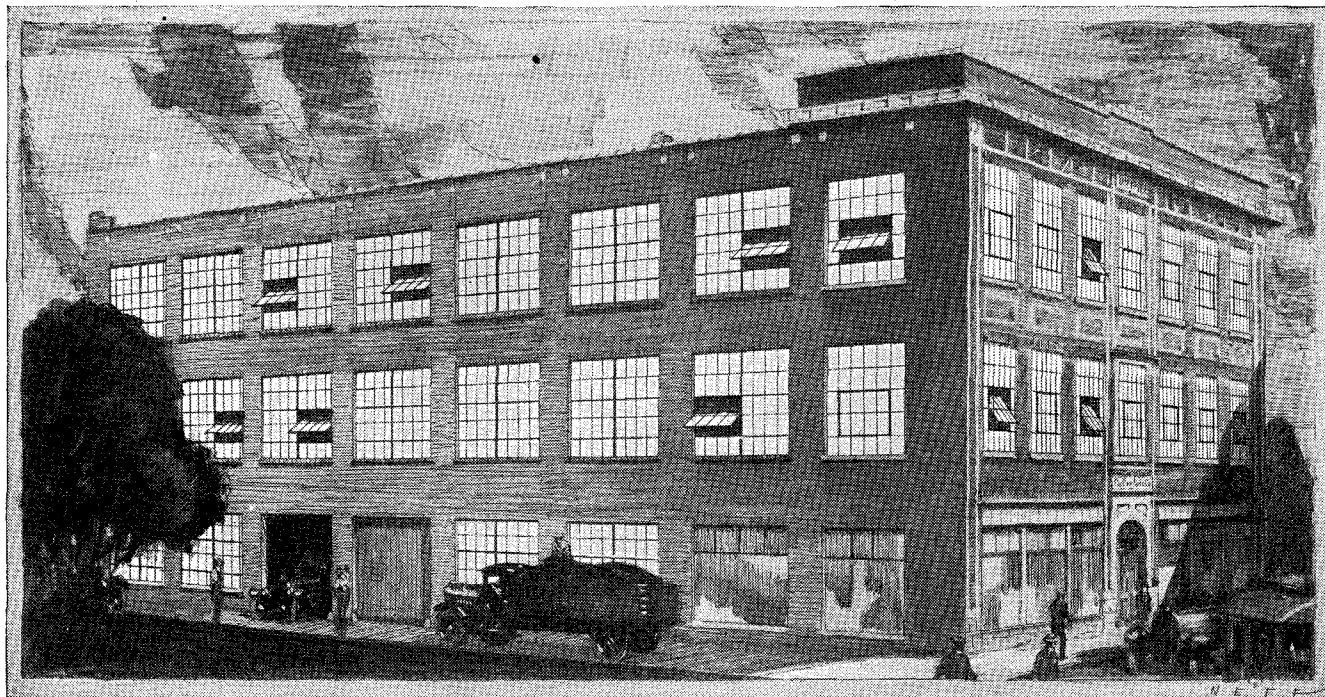
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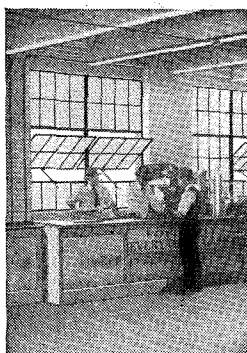
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The Outlook

AUGUST 4, 1920

THE REPUBLICAN NOTIFICATION MEETING: SENATOR LODGE'S ADDRESS

ON Thursday, July 22, in accordance with traditional political custom, a Notification Committee of the Republican party formally announced to Senator Harding, at his residence in Marion, Ohio, that he had been nominated by the Republican party as its candidate for President of the United States.

It is estimated that twenty-five or thirty thousand people gathered in the little inland city for the ceremonies. Senator Lodge, as Chairman of the Notification Committee, made the opening address, the three features of which were an intimation that President Wilson has usurped the legislative functions of government, that the Administration has dangerously bungled the Mexican problem, and that, "not content with aiding Europe to bring about the peace which all desired after victory was won, Mr. Wilson undertook to make us members of an alliance with foreign Powers indefinite in extent and containing provisions which threatened the independence, the sovereignty, and the safety of the United States."

Mr. Lodge defined what he believes to be the attitude of the Republican party regarding an Association of Nations in the following words:

We have been and are quite ready to join in agreement with other nations for the extension of the Hague conventions, for the upbuilding and codification of international law and the establishment of a world court of justice, for international conferences in regard to non-justiciable questions, and for arrangements to bring about a general reduction of armaments.

THE REPUBLICAN NOTIFICATION MEETING: SENATOR HARDING'S PLATFORM

MR. HARDING, in reply, made an elaborate address of six or seven thousand words, considerably longer than many that have been made by some notable Presidential candidates on similar occasions. It is practically a second Republican platform.

He opened by denouncing one-man government, and urged a return to an Administration in which the Government shall be carried on by a harmonious co-operation between its executive and legislative branches, with a Cabinet of

highest capacity "in whose councils the Vice-President, second official of the Republic, shall be asked to participate." He denounced the Covenant of the League of Nations framed at Paris both as a military alliance and as a super-government and declared that, if elected, he would sign a declaration of peace and then would take steps to aid in the formation of an Association of Nations—presumably on the basis defined by Senator Lodge in his speech of notification. Senator Harding's exact words on this point are as follows:

We want to help; we mean to help; but we hold to our own interpretation of the American conscience as the very soul of our nationality.

Disposed as we are, the way is very simple. Let the failure attending assumption, obstinacy, impracticability, and delay be recognized and let us find the big, practical, unselfish way to do our part, neither covetous because of ambition nor hesitant through fear, but ready to serve ourselves, humanity, and God.

With a Senate advising as the Constitution contemplates, I would hopefully approach the nations of Europe and of the earth, proposing that understanding which makes us a willing participant in the consecration of nations to a new relationship, to commit the moral forces of the world, America included, to peace and international justice, still leaving America free, independent, and self-reliant, but offering friendship to all the world.

It is quite apparent that Senator Harding welcomes the challenge that President Wilson uttered some months ago and is willing to make the League of Nations the chief issue of the campaign.

As to labor, Mr. Harding advocates the maintenance of high wages, but points out that with them must go efficient and loyal production. He advises labor and capital to work together as partners, and urges them both to remember their obligations to the people and to the Republic. He stands for government by the majority, "but no majority shall abridge the rights of the minority." He therefore advocates freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, and freedom of religious belief.

Railway transportation is at the very foundation of our National life and industry. Those employed in it must remember that in a very real sense it is a public service, and, while collective bargaining is proper and desirable, the

Government cannot permit it to be carried to the extent of strikes which cripple the public welfare. Government regulation and not Government ownership is the method by which the interests of all may be preserved.

Thrift and efficiency are the fundamental remedies for the high cost of living.

Farmers should not only be permitted but encouraged to form co-operative societies both for buying and selling.

The Mexican question should be settled on the basis of neighborliness, although American lives and property lawfully within the Mexican dominion must be protected with firmness and without hesitation.

As to the Eighteenth Amendment and the "wet" or "dry" observance of it, Mr. Harding declares: "If elected, I mean to be a Constitutional President. . . . Neither Government nor party can afford to cheat the people. . . . We cannot jeopardize orderly government with contempt for law enforcement. Modification or repeal is the right of a free people, whenever the deliberate and intelligent public sentiment demands, but perversion and evasion mark the paths to the failure of government itself."

The patriotic and civic work of women in the World War is praised, and the immediate granting to them of universal suffrage is urged upon the party and the Nation.

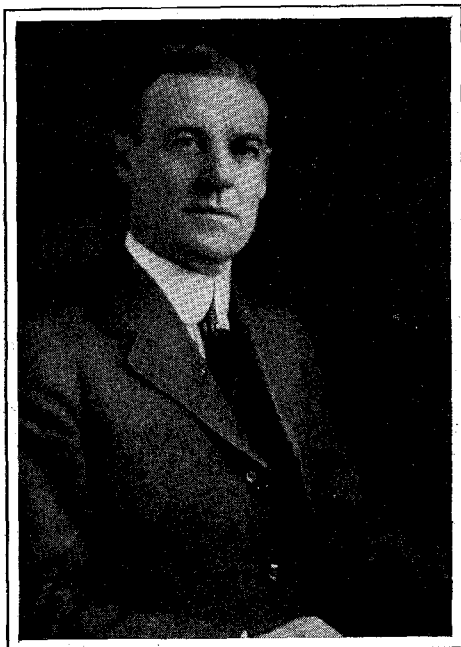
Senator Harding voices his belief in the budget system; in businesslike methods applied to all departments of the Government; in a great merchant marine; in an ample Navy; in a professional Army which shall be small but the best in the world, combined with a system of preparedness that shall enable the country to call upon all its citizens in time of an emergency; in the development of our foreign trade; in immigration laws which shall make citizens rather than mere industrial man power; in the suppression of child labor and the amelioration of women's labor; in action by the Federal Government to stamp out lynching; in Federal legislation to improve housing conditions; in Federal action to maintain Liberty Bonds at par; in relief from the burdens of excessive taxation assumed for war purposes; and in the full protection of the political and civic rights of Negroes.

Senator Harding's policy and platform, of which the foregoing is a summary, is

discussed more fully pro and con on another page of this issue.

THE DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN MANAGER

IT is customary for the Presidential candidate of a party to select the man to act as chairman of that party's National Committee during the campaign. For the Republican party Mr. Will H. Hays, who has been the Chairman of the Re-



(C) Harris & Ewing, from Paul Thompson.

GEORGE H. WHITE
Chairman of the Democratic National Committee

publican National Committee, will continue in that office and manage the campaign of Mr. Harding. For the Democratic party, Mr. Homer S. Cummings, who has been National Chairman, has retired and has been succeeded, through the choice of Mr. Cox, the Democratic nominee, by former Congressman George H. White.

Perhaps the most significant thing about the selection of Mr. White, in view of the support that Mr. Cox received from the "wets" in his own party, is that Mr. White is known as a "dry." While he was a legislator in Ohio, it is said, the Anti-Saloon League, in reference to him, adopted as a slogan, "Let George do it." In Congress he was a close friend of Mr. Cox, then a Representative, and he succeeded Mr. Cox on the Ways and Means Committee.

Mr. White graduated from Princeton in 1895. During the gold fever in Alaska he spent two and a half years in the Klondike, where he received additional education by experience. He is an oil driller, and has made his money—he is a rich man—from his interests in Ohio, West Virginia, and Oklahoma.

He is popular, and is known as a "man's man." The way in which he will conduct Mr. Cox's campaign is in-

dicated in these words of his: "Play the game for all it's worth, see the other fellow's side when you're sure he's not trying to put over something crooked, and never forget that the other man has feelings and ambitions of his own."

"SHAKING HANDS WITH MURDER"

LORD NORTHCLIFFE is quoted as describing recent English negotiations with the Soviet Government of Russia as "shaking hands with murder." Since then Russia has brusquely rejected the offered interposition of the Allies to procure peace terms for Poland on the ground that England and France had openly discouraged but semi-secretly aided Poland's disastrous campaign against the Bolsheviks. Not deterred by this piece of international impertinence, the English Prime Minister, acting in behalf of France also, it is stated, proposed a "peace conference" in London, not alone as to the Polish question, but the future relations of Russia and the countries which have engaged in hostile action with Russia or have supported such action. Mr. Lloyd George on July 26 reported in the House of Commons that the Soviets had accepted this proposal, and said: "I am very hopeful of peace, and that is what the world wants."

It is to be assumed that any agreement for recognition of the Bolshevik Government (to hold such a conference with its delegates is in itself a long step toward such recognition) will rest on conditions, not only of finance, commerce, and boundaries, but of civilized government and the safety of life and property within Russia. Otherwise recognition would be just what Lord Northcliffe called it.

Meanwhile Poland has applied directly

to Russia for an armistice, and as we write the preliminaries are being arranged by the commanders in the field. Poland does not expect aid by British or French troops, and that largely because of the opposition of labor, radical, and Socialist elements in England and France to anything like actual war. Yet the French Premier, M. Millerand, has lately said: "Latterly we have not spared friendly warnings to Poland, but she now expects from us something besides reproaches; I can assure you, her expectations shall not be in vain." This was said in relation to the mixed commission of French and English diplomats and generals meeting at Warsaw. Its objects are described in Paris despatches as being to decide, "first, the strength and the representative character of the present Polish Government, regarding which grave reports have reached the Allies; and, secondly, the capacity of the Polish army to defend their country against the Red hordes with Allied help other than men."

But since this plan was put in motion the Polish Ministry has been overthrown, an armistice negotiation carried on, and the London "peace conference" arranged.

It must always be remembered that the Polish question, the Russian question, and the German question are all parts of one problem. There are political elements in Poland already urging calling upon Germany to support Poland—"for no one else will," says one writer. On the other hand, the Soviets have said that Russia would give Poland a better boundary than the Peace Conference offered her. And as the Soviet power is now supreme in Lithuania, Russia is practically in touch with Germany at the East Prussian line. Looking into the future, there are dark forebodings of



POLAND'S PEASANT PREMIER

The man in the center, collarless, is Witos, the present Premier of Poland. On his left, the bearded gentleman is Stanislas Grabski, brother of the ex-Premier, predecessor of Witos. The third man is Bojko, a Socialist Deputy, a peasant

alliances in which Germany may be a dangerous element.

The new Polish Premier, Witos, a portrait of whom is printed herewith, is a singular product of Poland's misfortunes. He is not only of peasant stock, but is a peasant to-day, and has been the leader of the Polish peasant party and an advocate of land division. An extremely well-informed Pole, now in this country, writes to us as follows of Witos:

Witos, the present Premier, is an illiterate peasant; to be absolutely exact, he hardly knows how to read, and as far as writing is concerned he knows nothing about it. He has chosen as Vice-Premier a man named Daszynski, who used to be Deputy to the Austrian Reichstag before and during the war. Daszynski has been publicly denounced in the Polish Diet for German propaganda in Silesia and Galicia. Under the circumstances there is very little hope of betterment in the present situation. Both men at the head of the Government are extreme radicals, and we know that Socialists everywhere, whether knowingly or not, are working for Germany. The danger at the present moment is that, with the support of this new Cabinet, Pilsudski will call the Germans to the rescue.

THE FRENCH AND THE SYRIANS

ONE of the complications which may possibly result from almost any mandate under the Versailles Treaty is illustrated by what is now happening in Syria.

According to that Treaty and the agreements made pursuant to it, the French have a mandate there. This region was formerly subject to the sovereignty of the Turkish Empire. The continuation of Turkey there is not now desired by anybody except by the Turks, whose wishes do not seriously count. The inhabitants of Syria themselves cannot undertake to form a government powerful and coherent enough to perform the duties that would rest upon it. But of course in a region like that there has to be some authority competent to enforce order and make possible commercial and other relations with other parts of the world. There have been two conceivable ways of dealing with the situation besides that of the French mandate. One would be to put Syria under the tutelage and protection of Great Britain, which has come into control of Mesopotamia. Another way would be to incorporate Syria into the Kingdom of Arabia under the King of the Hedjaz. The objection to both these plans is that France has rights and interests there that she could not in conscience yield to England or to the Hedjaz. Besides, there are the special objections to enlarging the Arabian Kingdom which cannot be gone into here.

A son of the King of the Hedjaz,

Prince Feisal, has taken the throne of Syria. During the Paris Peace Conference Prince Feisal, who sat there as a representative of his father's domain, disclaimed any imperialistic aims for the Kingdom of the Hedjaz, but he was eager for the real rehabilitation of all the Arabians, among whom he included a large part of the inhabitants of Syria. He was frankly fearful of the dominance of European Powers in Asia Minor. Many of the Syrians, however, are not at all averse to the French. Ever since the Crusades there has been connection between Syria and France that has been none the less strong because it has a basis in sentiment. There are French schools there and the French language is widely used. Though American missionaries there are not officially partisan to any plan or any country, there is undoubtedly a general feeling among them of preference for English control.

Thus there are many complications. France, however, has the mandate; and therefore, by virtue of victory in the World War, has international sanction for assuming authority there. In undertaking to administer the mandate France encountered the opposition of Prince Feisal. It has been suspected that in this the Prince has had the support of certain British elements. When the French sent word to Prince Feisal demanding that he acquiesce in the French mandate, a general mobilization, it was reported, was ordered in Syria. The French regard the action of Prince Feisal as double-faced. In order to enforce the mandate the French sent troops which finally occupied Damascus. It is reported that this Arabian prince, whose appearance at the plenary sessions of the Peace Conference in his Oriental headdress and flowing robes helped to provide color for otherwise dull proceedings, and whose appearance in European costume resembled that of an unpretentious Protestant clergyman, has fled into the interior of Syria, if he has not been by this time captured.

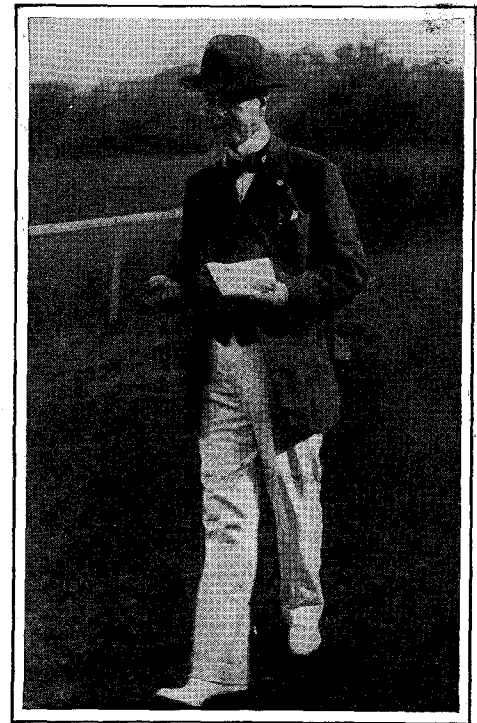
It is perhaps misleading to say that there is war waging in the Near East, but what with these military operations on the part of the French and with real fighting going on between the Greeks and the Turks, and the killing of Christians by Mohammedans and of various kinds of Russians by Bolsheviks, who are not unaware of their opportunities in what was once Turkey, it may be said that, in Theodore Roosevelt's phrase, throughout the Near East "peace rages."

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT

THERE was this in common between "Commodore" Vanderbilt, founder of the fortune and success of the family, and his grandson William K. Vanderbilt,

who died in Paris on July 22 at the age of seventy-one, that both were astute railway men and financiers, and both also were sportsmen and good judges of horses. The Commodore loved to drive his own fast horses; this grandson of his was for some forty years an interested and generous patron of the turf; in Paris and to a less degree in England and in this country he maintained racing stables, and, apart from racing, took a keen interest in the development and breeding of fine horses.

As a railway magnate Mr. Vanderbilt



Paul Thompson

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT

showed both intuition and large executive ability. He carried on the expansion of the New York Central's lines with constructive force, always aiming for alliances or consolidation of roads into one great system which could serve the territory reached thoroughly and economically. He was far from being a figure-head. He planned with foresight and ability. It is said that at a critical juncture in the New York Central's expansion he rose in a directors' meeting and said: "Gentlemen, I would like to be appointed a committee of one, with power to buy the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern roads." When he was so authorized, he produced from his pockets certificates showing that he had already personally bought the control and turned them over to the Central's ownership without personal profit to himself.

There is simple truth in the statement of Mr. A. H. Smith, the President of the Central lines, as to Mr. Vanderbilt, that "with clear vision, keen intelligence, sound judgment, and absolute integrity, he has guided the development,

extension, and consolidation of the New York Central lines."

THE DISAPPOINTING CUP RACES

IT would seem that an international race for the historic America's Cup (once more successfully defended in a manner which left little doubt as to the boat-for-boat superiority of the American champion) would arouse popular enthusiasm which no other contest could possibly evoke. The contest of this year gave promise of just such an event, but as the series has advanced interest has waned rather than waxed. The final slump came when the racing committee sent the two big sloops back to their anchorage because it was held that it was unsafe for them to compete in a breeze which a little fishing boat out of Friendship, Maine, or a Cape Cod cat would have delighted in.

The first race Shamrock IV won through the breaking of a throat halyard on Resolute; and the American yacht dropped out of the race without even an attempt being made to cut away or unbend her mainsail and set a second spinnaker on her main boom, thus forfeiting a chance to prove the seamanship of her crew even if such a maneuver would have hardly brought Resolute in a winner.

The second race ended in a drifting match which left both yachts far from the final mark when the time limit expired, although Resolute was well in the lead when the race was called off.

Then followed the victory for Shamrock IV in a triangular race in which she saved her handicap with time to spare. This left the series with the challenging yacht farther in the lead than any invader has ever been in the history of the America's Cup. The next day, however, the two yachts raced a dead heat so far as elapsed time was concerned, the victory going to Resolute on her handicap. In the next race Resolute scored a clean-cut victory, crossing the finishing line more than three minutes ahead of her rival. In this race Shamrock IV, while astern of the Resolute, shortened sail, though the Resolute still carried her club topsail, a bit of caution which did not help the challenger towards winning the trophy nor towards maintaining a high pitch of enthusiasm in the popular mind concerning these modern exemplars of the ancient traditions of the sea. This left Shamrock IV and Resolute tied in the number of races won.

Before Resolute was to win the deciding race, however, there occurred one unfinished contest and the event which made clearly manifest the true character of the beautiful, butterfly contenders. It was this event which made the yachting world cry out for boats which would not

shame the race of seagoing sailormen. It had been the commonly expressed wish that the fifth and deciding race should be held in a whole-sail breeze which would test the capabilities of both yachts to the limit. Such a breeze was obligingly provided, but, as we have already reported, both yachts scuttled back to their anchorages—either from a fear on the part of the committee that they would break up in the sea that was running or from fear that some members of their respective crews would be swept overboard from their bulwarkless decks by green water. This incident called forth, among other things, a little poem in the New York "Globe," the first two stanzas of which we quote herewith:

THE 1920 YACHTING SPIRIT

We're champions of the noble sport of yachting—

We lead a life that's very, very tough;
We're fearless, brave, intrepid,
But we like our weather tepid

And we'd rather not go sailing when
it's rough.

We're out to elevate a sport heroic—

A sport that weaklings never have
defiled;

Each skipper is a viking

If the sea is to his liking,

But he hates the nasty ocean when
it's wild.

Perhaps Mr. H. I. Phillips, the author of this poem, is a bit hard on the crews of the two contending yachts, but he has certainly succeeded in well expressing the general opinion. Very probably the racing committee was wise under the circumstances in calling off the race—a statement which in no way commits us to an approval of the circumstances.

WHAT IS A YACHT RACE, ANYHOW?

A YACHT race is a contest in which three factors are (or should be) involved—seamanship, design, and construction. An international yacht race to be something more than the pastime of rich men playing with pretty toys should also be of such a character that it will discover valuable information concerning design and construction which will be available for sailors whose purses may not be as long as those of men who take part in international racing, but whose love of salt water may be fully as great. Just as horse-racing tends to improve the breed of horses and as automobile racing has a most important influence upon the development of the cars which John Smith and Tom Jones drive every day in the year, so an international yacht race should have a wholesome influence upon all of the white-winged fleets that deck our summer harbors. It has been so in the past; why cannot it be so in the future?

It is idle to say that this cannot be done because the America's Cup race is

only for the fastest possible boats on a given water-line, for obviously the present cup race is not a race of that character. There are certain restrictions of a technical nature which do limit the design of the present contending yachts. These restrictions did give Resolute, for instance, more wholesome lines than those of Reliance, which defended the cup in the last series with the Shamrock III. Roughly speaking, these restrictions put a premium upon displacement and a penalty upon sail area. Therefore Shamrock IV has had to give Resolute a time allowance of more than six minutes, for her designer apparently believed that by ignoring the restrictions he could build a yacht fast enough to compensate for the penalties involved in such an act. How rules providing for a sounder construction might be developed we do not presume to say. Whether it would be practicable to provide for a certain standard of scantling, for instance, we have not enough technical knowledge to say, but certainly the races for the America's Cup should be held under conditions which make the use of stronger construction emphatically necessary. They could be held over a course which normally produced stronger breezes than that off Sandy Hook. It might be provided that one race of the series should not be started unless at least a twenty-five knot breeze were blowing, and that no race should be called off because of too much wind without the approval of a committee of Gloucester fishermen.

The most interesting race which we remember in recent years was that in which the three-masted schooner Atlantic won the Emperor's gold cup (which, like so many other things which have emanated from the Kaiser, later turned out to be plated) in a race across the ocean whose name the winner bore. That was a race that was a race, and one which tested seamanship, construction, and design. Why cannot the America's Cup race be of equal worth?

About all that the present races are accomplishing is to furnish us with an exhibition of good sportmanship on the part of the challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton, which will be remembered long after Shamrock IV and Resolute have gone their deserved way to the junk dealer.

AN AIR ROUTE TO ALASKA AND ASIA

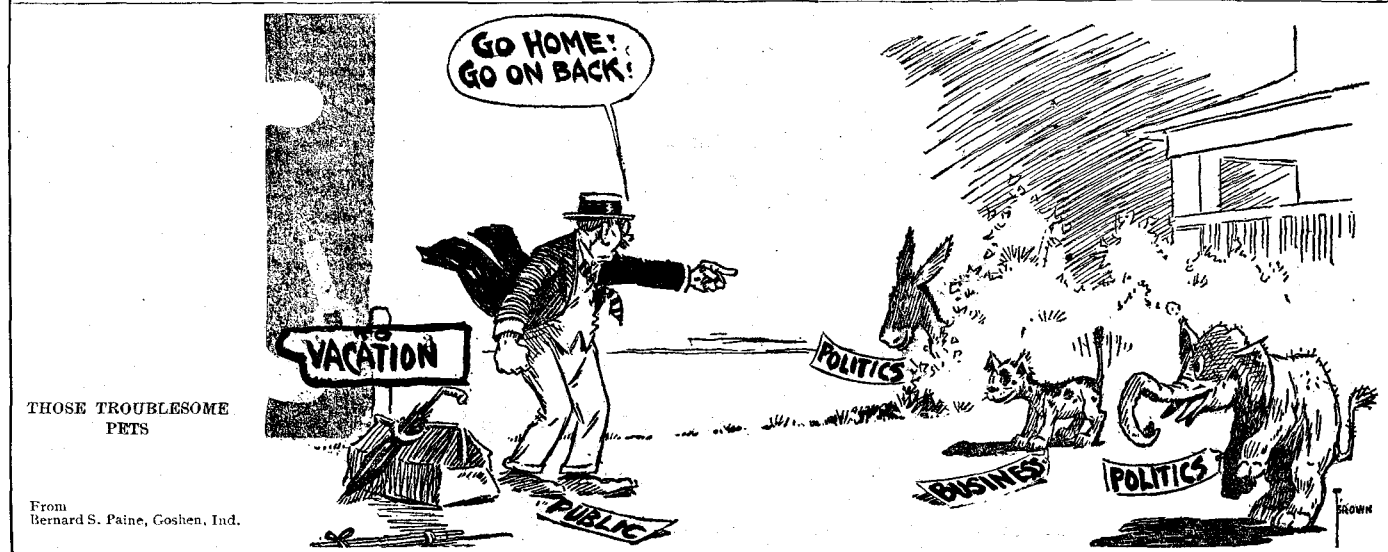
A REMARKABLE air expedition left Long Island on July 15. Four United States Army Air Service airplanes (De Haviland 4-B's) started for Nome, Alaska, and return, a distance of nine thousand miles. From Nome a side trip of 100 miles would bring the planes to Cape Prince of Wales, about fifty miles from the continent of Asia.

The objects of the expedition, as offi-

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 616)



Pease in the Newark Evening News



WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

From Rev. H. A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

Morris in the Weekly Toledo Blade



The Allies: "When will you pay this bill?"
Germany: "Shentlemans, pefore I cheats you outd of it, I'll owe it to you forever, yah."

From Theresa De Lude, Baraga, Mich.

cially stated, are two: One is to establish an aerial route to the northwest corner of the American continent, so that, should military considerations require, it would be possible to move the Army Air Service units to the continent of Asia by direct flight. The second reason is for the purpose of photographing inaccessible areas in Alaska which have never been mapped, at a saving of what would otherwise constitute three years' work of ground surveying.

The photographic section is finely equipped for mapping work. The Canadian Government is co-operating cordially in preparing routes and landing-places and supplies. The American Army Signal Corps and Weather Bureau are also aiding. The estimate is that Nome may be reached in about a month.

In addition to the purposes above stated for this daring enterprise it is pointed out that there is a probability of practical air commerce with Alaska. General Mitchell is quoted as saying: "The possibilities of transportation by air in the Far North are great because the cargoes of furs, gold, and precious metals are comparatively small and their value is large."

Much of the route to be traversed has never been flown over before, and the airmen are likely to encounter difficulties and dangers. When they return, they should have an interesting and picturesque narrative to relate.

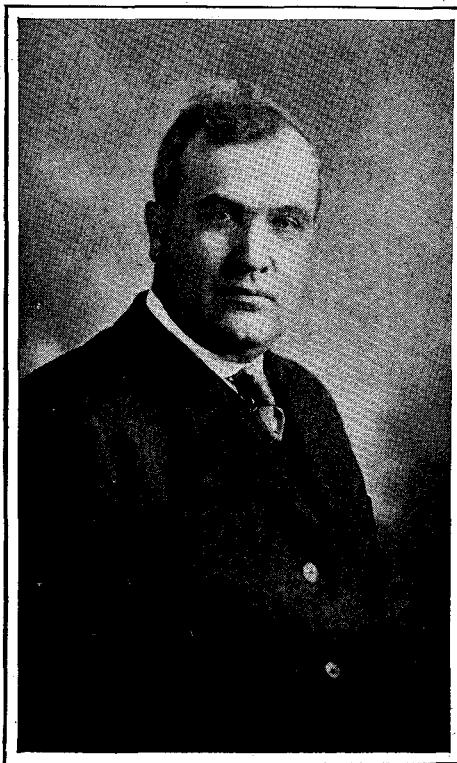
TEACHERS' TENURE OF OFFICE

THE annual session of the National Education Association occurred this year at Salt Lake City, Utah. Some four thousand delegates were present. We present herewith a portrait of Mr. F. M. Hunter, the newly chosen President of the Association.

As always at these meetings, some interesting educational facts were brought out. For instance, it developed that only five States (California, Massachusetts, Montana, New Jersey, and Oregon) recognize by law the principle of permanent tenure for school-teachers. In the remaining States, according to a report presented by I. L. Kandel, of the Carnegie Foundation, "the spoils system still prevails in school-teaching at a time when it has been eliminated from Civil Service positions throughout the country." No matter how long a term may be provided, the work of the teacher who knows that he must face possible removal at the close of that term cannot be as serene and untroubled as it should be. Of course, as a condition of first appointment, certain standards of professional attainment must be required, after

which there should be permanent tenure until the time comes for a retiring pension.

The report of the Commission on the Emergency in Education, we are not surprised to note, asserted that the most important task now before the country is to secure the passage by Congress of the Smith-Towner Bill. It creates a Secretary of Education with a seat in the Cabinet, and (a measure which The Outlook has repeatedly recommended) provides for Federal aid conditional on State aid. Following the reading of this report, Dr. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, suggested an average annual salary of \$2,000 for all



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PRESIDENT HUNTER

city and country teachers, with individual salaries running as high as \$6,000 for persons of marked ability.

Civic education was also considered; certainly there is no more pressing problem. It involves not only the Americanization of aliens, but also a greater adequacy of elementary education, physical, mental, and especially moral—in other words, "Education as the Defense of the American Home," to quote the title of the address by Dean Arnold, of Simmons College, Boston. Here are a few phrases from the address:

The thoughtful observer sees causes for anxiety in three conditions which are apparent to-day—the abandonment of the separate home in both city and country; the acceptance of the apartment as a substitute for the separate home; . . . and the tide of immigration which fills our cities and manufacturing towns with groups residing in close communities, speaking an alien tongue, crowded in tenements. . . .

In applying a remedy, however, let

us not rest in the hope that the challenge of the present day can be met by a change in the schools alone. A democracy in order to survive must be supported by constant education. The citizen, as well as the boys and girls who are to be citizens, must be always and forever at school.

WOMEN AND INDUSTRY

BECAUSE the Young Women's Christian Association is a religious organization some people seem to think that it need have little to do with its members' industrial and social conditions. Its National Board, however, has long conducted research and experiment in this direction, and with such success that the Association was well prepared for the extensive war work carried on at the Government's request (and at that of such firms as the Du Pont and Hercules Powder Companies) when some three hundred thousand industrial girls passed through Y. W. C. A. centers.

Yet as the Association secretaries have traveled through the country they have, as Mrs. William Adams Brown recorded in a recent address, met with conditions such as these:

To give corrective exercises for weak backs when these backs were being constantly overstrained by overlifting or overreaching or by too continuous standing; to hold evening classes for girls utterly worn out after ten hours of work in an atmosphere often dust-drenched or lint-saturated; to uphold higher standards of living or of morals to women whose incomes did not permit them to live in morally clean surroundings—all this was clearly futile, a waste of energy and time. Our swimming-pools and our gymnasiums were of no use to the entirely exhausted person. Even our cafeterias could not do much for the girl who is only able to pay seven cents for a meal.

As Mrs. Brown affirms, breadwinning can no longer be regarded as a woman's pastime; it is woman's steady job. For example:

Working-girls living at home contribute from twenty-three to forty-eight per cent of the family income; a large proportion of factory girls living at home give *all* their earnings to a family purse; . . . approximately twelve million women are now in gainful occupation. . . . The number of industrial women is possibly between three and five million. . . .

But only eight States and the District of Columbia have passed eight-hour laws affecting women. . . . The majority of our working population is suffering from partial disability due to fatigue, and the economic waste resulting from overwork is probably much greater than that produced by the great preventable diseases. . . . In every State and industry . . . women are paid less than men for the same work. And yet . . . it costs more to maintain a girl than a man.

Pledged to promote all women's welfare, the Y. W. C. A. can never be indif-

ferent to these conditions. It demands leisure for workers sufficient to enable them to perform the duties of parents and citizens, an income for all sufficient to keep life on a level of health and decency, and especially such adjustment as will call out the worker's creative impulse and produce a co-operating and responsible fellow-citizen rather than a cog in a machine.

Mrs. Brown indicates as signs of the future in this respect the industrial democracy of the Endicott-Johnson Corporation, the Denison Manufacturing Company, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Filene Department Store in Boston, and the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Company in Chicago.

Mrs. Brown's ideal and aim is that every worker should by responsible participation in the control of industry be trained to contribute to the industry, and thus to society, the best that he or she is capable of giving.

WOMEN AND CITIZENSHIP

WOMEN voters are likely to become quickly intelligent if the influence of the New York State League of Women Voters is as great as its admirable correspondence course deserves. If a woman wants to obtain information concerning the history, obligation, and privilege of citizenship, she has but to write to the Educational Section of the League (Mrs. Caspar Whitney, Chairman), 303 Fifth Avenue, New York City, to obtain valuable pamphlets.

Most of the matter consists of information; some of it covers suggestive questions for discussion, as, for instance:

Since minors are citizens, and since they are regarded as intelligent enough when they reach the age of sixteen or seventeen years to attend college, might it not be wise to give them a limited franchise, as, for example, in voting on school affairs?

As regards the foreign immigrant not yet naturalized, might it not aid in his Americanization to give him, pending full naturalization, a carefully limited voting power, in connection, say, with local matters, such as public works in immigrant districts by which he is specially affected?

On the final page of the pamphlets is a capital bibliography.

The pamphlet on the Federal Constitution considers how we came to adopt a written Constitution—the first written constitution in the history of the world—what are its guaranties, what its main structure is, what its special provisions are, and how it can be amended.

An interesting pamphlet answers the question, Why should the citizen study history? Good citizenship demands a knowledge of issues as they arise. To

understand any important issue one must know its origin, its age, theories about it, policies that have in the past shaped themselves around it. Moreover, a knowledge of history prevents hysteria—that is to say, “the nervous collapse of citizenship in the presence of something it fears. . . . We must study social hysteria as we study industrial panics; . . . and social history is the key to psychology.”

Furthermore, it is well pointed out, a knowledge of history gives force to counsel, provides inspiration, and, above all, gives to present politics its proper setting.

The other pamphlets—on the labor issue, on the literacy qualification for the vote, on health training for school-children, etc.—are each most suggestive.

We earnestly commend this correspondence course to *men* as well as women.

MR. HARDING AS A LEADER

Americans expect leadership from their President. They do not want in the White House a man who merely echoes other people's opinions or carries out other people's will. They want a man who can think for himself and exercise a will of his own. They expect their President to guide their own opinion. They regard him as a servant, but they expect from him a distinctive service—the service of leading. When a man, therefore, is presented to them as a candidate for the Presidency, Americans instinctively want to know whether he can lead them.

Mr. Harding's speech of acceptance, of which we give a summary elsewhere in this issue, affords the people of this country the first opportunity since his nomination of ascertaining whether he has the qualifications for such leadership as Americans expect from their President, and, if he has such qualifications, what kind of a leader he is likely to be.

There are two ways by which a man can lead:

He may, on the one hand, set out to do some definite thing and to do it according to a definite programme; with that in view, he may undertake to persuade others to accept his object and to follow his programme; in the process he may make himself the nucleus of a movement which finds its origin in, and takes its direction from, himself as its leader. That is one way of leading.

On the other hand, he may devote himself to certain fundamental principles which he finds embodied in a party or group; he may study to ascertain the general consensus of thought and feeling

in that group; and then he may set himself to shape that thought or that feeling as it develops, guiding the direction of the movement which is already under way—not being out in front and calling “Come on,” but being in the head of the group and moving the influential members of it in this way or in that as circumstances may require. That is not so spectacular a method of leading, but it is leading nevertheless.

The first method is illustrated in American history by the course of Theodore Roosevelt in 1915 and 1916. He saw the duty of the country and he saw that those in authority were not guiding the country to its duty. He stood out and apart from those who were in authority, he held up a specific object to the country and he laid down a programme of action. He said definitely that this country should break with Germany, and he told his fellow-Americans what they ought to do to prepare for the conflict that would follow. Up and down the country he went, speaking plainly and definitely, calling upon Americans to follow him. The fact that others said what he was saying, the fact that he had willing hearers who already believed what he was saying, does not alter the fact that Theodore Roosevelt more than any one else at the time in political life led his country from neutrality to action according to the programme he laid down. That illustrates one method of leadership.

The other method is illustrated in American history by the course of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 and 1861. America was then in as abject a state of neutrality as it was to be later in 1915 and 1916; but Lincoln did not announce a definite course of action with a plan prepared as well as an object. Instead he enunciated great general principles. He did not announce that he was going to make war on the Southern States, or that he would emancipate the slaves; he insisted, rather, on the principle of the maintenance of the Union and resistance to the extension of slavery. The movement which he was destined to lead he studied and saw that it was already under way; but he saw that that movement was impeded by the cross-purposes of those on whom it depended. He saw the abolitionists emphasizing emancipation for the slaves in disregard of the maintenance of the Union; he saw others ready to make any concessions to slavery for the sake of maintaining the Union. Identifying himself with the larger group that contained these conflicting elements, he shaped the general opinion as it developed. It was not until the object fixed itself definitely in the minds of those whom he led that he announced it. That

illustrates the other method of leadership.

When the time came, Lincoln could and did lead as Roosevelt led in 1915; and, when circumstances required, Roosevelt could and did lead as Lincoln led in 1860. Sometimes it is the man, sometimes the event, that determines which is the better way of leading.

It is the method of Lincoln in 1860 rather than the method of Roosevelt in 1915 that Mr. Harding follows in his speech of acceptance. This method he follows, not only in one subject, but in every subject with which he deals. He does not state a definite object in each case and lay down a programme to be followed; he states, rather, certain principles which he believes and which he finds that the party that has nominated him believes, and he states those principles courageously and with evident intent to be clear and applies those principles to the issues before the country. Those principles may be indicated by a brief account of what he says on four important issues in the campaign: Restoration of party and Constitutional government; the League of Nations; industrial relations; and the cost of living. In setting forth these principles we shall largely use Mr. Harding's own language; when we condense or paraphrase, we adhere strictly to his intent.

A hundred million people cannot all agree on all questions. Parties are formed by those who reach a consensus of opinion. No one man can run this great Republic. Tranquillity, stability, dependability—all are assured in party sponsorship. In the war safeguards were swept away and in the name of democracy we established autocracy. This seemed temporarily necessary. Now it is necessary to restore representative popular government. This includes the selection of a Cabinet, a cordial understanding and co-operation with the House of Representatives, and the restoration of the functions of the Senate.

In preventing America's entrance into the League of Nations without reservations the Senate prevented the exchange of America's eminence and independence for an obscure and unequal place in the merged government of the world. The world will not misconstrue. We do not mean to hold aloof. As soon as a Republican Congress can pass a declaration for a Republican President to sign there will be formal and effective peace. Then we can proceed to that world relationship which shall satisfy both conscience and aspirations, and yet be free from menacing involvement. No surrender of rights to a world council or its military alliance, no assumed mandatory, however appealing, ever shall summon the sons of this Republic to war. Their supreme sacrifice

shall only be asked for America and its call of honor. There is a sanctity in that right we will not delegate. The Nation's conscience calls for largely reduced armaments throughout the world, and the party is committed to such association of nations as will preserve peace through justice rather than through force and add to security through international law. More than all else the present-day world needs understandings.

The World War destroyed healthful competition and left storehouses empty. We need maximum production. Maximums, not minimums, is the call of America. War also established higher standards for wages. The higher wage should abide on condition that the wage-earner gives full return for the wage received. Patriotic production is no less a National defense than armed force. Profiteering is a crime of commission, underproduction a crime of omission. There is no conflict of interest among participants in industry. The insistent call is for labor, management, and capital to reach understanding. The manifest weakness in popular government lies in the temptation to appeal to grouped citizenship for political advantage. The Constitution contemplates no class. There are those in this country who are trying to commit the Nation to the colossal tragedy that has destroyed freedom in Russia. These activities are not to be halted in throttled liberties. Men have a right to question our system in fullest freedom, but they must always remember that the rights of freedom impose the obligations which maintain it. Collective bargaining is an outstanding right, but its exercise must not destroy the equally sacred right of the individual in his necessary pursuit of a livelihood. The strike against the Government is properly denied, for Government service involves none of the elements of profit which relate to competitive enterprise. The Government might well stamp railway employment with the sanctity of public service, guaranteeing justice; but the Government should not own or operate the railways. The Government's function is to foster and restore.

The high cost of living cannot be cured by inveighing against it or by indulging in flaming promises. Gross expansion of currency and credit have depreciated the dollar just as expansion and inflation have discredited the coins of the world. We inflated in haste, we must deflate in deliberation. We will attack high cost of government and renew the practice of public economy, not alone because it will relieve tax burdens, but because it will be an example to stimulate thrift and economy in private life. There has never been recovery from war except through work and saving. In particular, new con-

ditions call for a new programme in agriculture. Defenseless individually to meet organized buyers, farmers should be encouraged to join in co-operative associations. Such co-operation will make profitable and desirable the ownership and operation of comparatively small farms intensively cultivated.

Those who believe that the present situation calls for radical or revolutionary measures and those who believe that the people of this country are in need of further emotional stimulus will alike feel themselves out of place in the party for which Mr. Harding speaks. There are few such, however, we suspect, who call themselves Republicans. On the other hand, most Republicans and many who do not call themselves Republicans will find themselves in agreement with the statement of principles in Mr. Harding's speech.

In the expression of these principles Mr. Harding has succeeded in finding a common ground of agreement, not only for various elements in his party, but for elements outside of it. He has not risked alienating voters by insisting upon particular measures; but he has not hesitated to risk alienating voters by the explicit declaration of a principle. He makes it clear, for example, that he is not attempting to lead those who believe in President Wilson's League unchanged, or those who believe in Soviet government, or those who wish to try the experiment of Government ownership of railways; but he makes it equally clear that he wishes to unite those who agree on the principles which he has expressed.

It is the business of a leader not to drive, but to lead. By his speech of acceptance Mr. Harding has at least exhibited one qualification for leadership—a capacity to create and hold a following. Mr. Harding has succeeded admirably in interpreting the minds of those who believe that it is time for a change in the National Administration.

WANTED—CAUSE FOR ENTHUSIASM

IT is generally accepted as fact that most of those who formed the Progressive movement of 1912 will support the ticket nominated at Chicago. But so far we have seen no great indications that they are going to support this ticket with enthusiasm. If the Republican party wants to win the election in November, it must give more positive cause for enthusiasm to the Progressive element now loosely within its ranks than is contained in its platform, its organization, or the personality of its candidate.

The Republican party has, we must

admit, learned something since 1912. Its Convention gave no excuse for disappointed aspirants or adherents to bolt the ticket. The game of politics at Chicago was played within the rules of the game, and, according to American political tradition, the loser in a fight for a nomination or election, if that fight has been on the square, acquiesces cheerfully in the verdict of the majority. That is one of the prime virtues of the American temperament. But even cheerful acquiescence is still not enough.

The Progressive element in the Republican party, the largest element in its rank and file, reunited with the skeleton of the Republican organization because of the World War. They did not go back to the old organization in sorrow and repentance, but because they felt that there was a large opportunity for service in united opposition to the Wilsonian democracy and in a united fight for a positive National policy.

To the impartial observer it seems that such men and women are entitled to a much larger share of the control of the Republican party and its policies than the leaders of that party have so far seen fit to give them. For instance, when those Progressives who are still progressive in feeling though they are no longer so in official name found that the Advisory Republican Campaign Committee contained the names of men entirely out of sympathy with progressives of any kind and that the younger element in the party was virtually excluded from this Committee, they were rightly aggrieved. This would not be a matter of general concern to the Nation if it were a mere question of place and preferment. It is not; it is a question of the party's real character, for that depends upon the personnel not only of its members but also of its leaders.

Unless steps are taken between now and November to overcome the effect of this and similar actions this disappointment may be reflected in the election returns, to the surprise and displeasure of the Republican management. It is not too late for the Republican management to offset the general impression created by the Convention and the National Committee. There still exists a great opportunity for the Republican managers to admit a larger Progressive representation to their Campaign Committee. There exists, too, a great opportunity for the Republican managers to indicate that the Progressive element will be given a vital share in the administrative function of the Government if the Republican party is successful at the polls. If these things are done, the Republican managers will be able to count on Progressive enthusiasm as well as Progressive tacit agreement in their platform

and their candidates. If they care anything for victory, it would seem the part of political wisdom, if nothing more, to pursue such a course.

CARTOONS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

A STEADILY increasing stream of cartoons and photographs is coming to The Outlook in response to our offer which has been published in successive issues for the last few weeks. Naturally, the cartoons outnumber the photographs, for it is easier to wield a pair of shears successfully than a camera. But both weapons have brought down game which has interested us and we think must also have interested our readers.

Perhaps we can help out our readers who are responding to our offer with a word of advice.

So far as cartoons are concerned, certain facts should be borne in mind. First of all, send in such cartoons as appeal to you at the earliest moment possible. The offer which we make for payment for cartoons applies only to the first copy to be received of each cartoon which we select for publication. It should be borne in mind that we also have a full supply of shears and shear-wielders in our own office. Sometimes, unless our readers are prompt, a cartoon may be chosen for republication before any copies of it come in from outside the office. This happened in the issue of July 21 with two cartoons, one a picture of Miss Democracy holding above her head a "wet" umbrella and a "dry" parasol; and the other a picture of Uncle Sam endeavoring first of all to drag the Democratic donkey into war, and, secondly, to drag him out again. This second cartoon has evidently appealed to a wide circle of our readers, for since the plate of it was made we must have received half a hundred copies, and they are still coming in.

Next to the need for speed in submitting cartoons there should be borne in mind the necessity of selecting cartoons which are suitable for reproduction. A cartoon to be effectively reprinted must be clearly drawn, need little explanation, and must be without too great detail. Cartoons in which the characters indulge in balloon-like speeches or which are cluttered up with explanatory labels are difficult for us to use to advantage.

As to photographs, particular attention should be paid to the clearness of the photographs submitted. Blurred prints are of no use, no matter how interesting the subject which they portray. Wherever possible, the date of the photograph should be stated and care taken to give

us all the details necessary for the production of an authentic, informative, and interesting caption. Pictures clipped from other newspapers are of no value. Contact prints with a glossy surface are, of course, the type most suitable for reproduction.

In any case, we are grateful to all our readers who are endeavoring to cooperate with us even if it is impossible to write to each one of them a personal note of acknowledgment of our thanks. We hope and trust that they will keep up the good work.

YOU POOR HICK—

A FRIEND of ours who owns many broad acres (why have narrow acres no literary standing?) of land not many miles from New York has moods in which he feels that he is losing his faith in human nature. He has already lost his temper on at least one memorable occasion.

These pending and consummated tragedies are due to the fact that his farm lies beside a State road, and State roads, these fine days of flivvering picnic parties, are not as lonesome as the turnpikes of colonial times.

Our friend is not inhospitable by nature. When the invasion first began, he built benches and a rude fireplace or two beside the road for the accommodation of dusty travelers, and he located conveniently near these aids to recreation large-mouthed barrels labeled invitingly, "Please put rubbish here."

Did the traveling public use his benches? It did. Did it use with equal enthusiasm his neatly labeled barrels? Decidedly it did not. Bottles were thrown into his haying and papers permitted to drift over his field as profusely as the cherry petals of Japan.

For some time our friend stood the imposition patiently. Then he began the practice of recording the license number of each machine that parked beside his gate and, when it had passed, on writing the owner (care of the Secretary of State), giving an itemized account of the gratuitous and assorted rubbish which said owner had forgotten, in his hasty departure, to dispose of or take with him. They were polite letters, but they brought no results, and at length our friend decided that life was too short to attempt to educate the Great American Public by any such process of infiltrated courtesy. The only course left was to take away his benches, tear down his fireplaces, and let the G. A. P. fight fuzzy caterpillars and crawly bugs unassisted by these urban conveniences. Still the G. A. P. spread itself over his land, trampling down his hay, breaking his flowering shrubs, and wandering over his lawn

without so much as a mumbled "by your leave."

But we said that our friend lost his temper. He did. The occasion for the outburst arose this very spring. An auto party ambushed his pet dogwood tree during a momentary slackening of his guard. When he returned, they were rending it limb from limb and piling its stricken branches into their waiting machine. The leader of the party appeared to be a young woman black of hair, with painted cheeks and diaphanous hose. Our friend approached her and politely inquired:

"Don't you think you are taking considerable liberty with private property?"

She stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Aw, nobody told us this bush belonged to any one."

"Couldn't you have inquired at the house and found out for certain?"

"Aw, who cares what them people say, anyhow?"

"In that case," our friend replied, "you had better drop those flowers and get off this place just as fast as those high-heeled shoes of yours will carry you."

Painted Face dropped the branches and her jaw at the same time. She went, but as she went she delivered a parting shot—no, a series of parting shots which followed one another with the rapidity of the bullets of a machine gun: "You're nothing but a poor hick, anyhow, you poor fish, you poor hick, you poor fish, you poor hick!"

Perhaps our friend did very wrong to lose his temper. Perhaps he should have given her an ax and invited her to go

on with her destruction. Perhaps not. It has always seemed to us that there are legitimate times for returning cheek as well as for turning the cheek. We shall not presume to judge him.

Now our friend is not a real dirt farmer. He does not draw his living from the soil, and so the ravages of the Great American Public are to him, at the worst, a serious annoyance rather than a deprivation of the necessities of life. But to some of his neighbors who draw their living from the soil the wanton carelessness of many members of the automobile public represents a serious loss in a more tangible coin than that of comfort and peace. Any one who reads an agricultural paper, such as the excellent "Rural New Yorker," can soon find out how the average farmer regards the damage inflicted by thoughtless or malicious trespassers upon his property. There seems to be no ungenerous desire to keep off those (and they are many) who seek to enjoy sanely and considerately the beauties of woods and fields, but the inroads of the negligent and ill-mannered will, if permitted to continue, soon react against those with a better sense of the fitness of things.

The fishing and hunting season is that which tries hardest of all the patience and temper of those who dwell without the city walls, for there is no way by which the farmer can protect his land from trespassers who fish and hunt save by an elaborate system of posting—a system under which it is very difficult to secure conviction for trespass, for the malicious trespasser is all too willing to tear down

enough signs to break the legal charm which the farmer has woven for the protection of his kith and kine. Domestic animals are by no means secure against the weapons of such trespassers, and gates are by universal consent of that clan things to be opened but never closed. The breaking down of fences and the theft of fruit are also part and parcel of the trespasser's creed. Of course, under the law, fish and game are public property, and it is very desirable that as much of the country as possible should be left free for open fishing and hunting. But it is no surprise that farmers are working for the abolition of the present posting law and the substitution of a requirement that the written consent of the owner of land must be obtained before the outlander is permitted to fish and hunt upon it. We know of many farmers who, if such a law were passed, would be willing to turn their property into fish and game sanctuaries. Under present conditions, however, such an attempt would invite only the invasion of an added number of trespassing rascallions.

Such criticism of the G. A. P. as we have offered does not, of course, apply to real sportsmen, for the sportsman is, above all, considerate of the rights and privileges of others. Courtesy is part of the definition of the word sportsman. But if the present invasion, which began with the development of the automobile, continues, the real sportsman will suffer along with those who wear his coat but neither speak nor act from his heart and mind.

CANADA'S STATUS AS A NATION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

GENERAL SMUTS has been credited with saying, "The British Empire ceased to exist in August, 1914." Its place has been taken by what is known as the Britannic Commonwealth of Sister Nations. The Prince of Wales, while in Canada last year, said: "The Dominions are no longer colonies; they are sister nations of the British nation." Language such as this would have sounded strange indeed only a few short years ago, and the fact that such a status is assumed in regard to Canada and the other Dominions without question is itself eloquent of the march of opinion in that connection.

Most casual observers attribute this change to the war and the part therein played by the British Dominions, but the war only accelerated the movement by bringing more forcibly to the minds of the great mass of people, who never concern themselves with political problems that are not such as immediately affect them, to the possibilities in the direction

of actual control by the Dominions themselves not only of purely local but of external affairs as well.

The same impulse was behind those who agitated for, and finally succeeded in winning, representative government for the Canadas in 1837-41. The same sentiment was responsible for the desire of the Canadian people that their army in France should be under the command of a Canadian general. That was also the reason why the Canadian delegates to the Peace Conference insisted upon recognition equal with other nations having a sovereign status.

The Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell, President of the Privy Council and acting Minister of External Affairs of the Canadian Government, but gave voice to the overwhelming sentiment of the Canadian people when he said: "Our position is that under no conditions will Canada accept or be a party to the acceptance of the first part of the Lenroot reservation, either in its original or modified form.

Canada cannot and will not assent to any impairment of her status or voting rights under the Treaty." The majority of the people in Canada believe that they have a right to have an equal voice with the other nations of the world in decisions involving the common interests of civilization. They, and with them Mr. Rowell, do not realize that Canada stands in an anomalous position. Canada is undoubtedly a colony so far as recognized international observance goes. The Canadian people would as one man insist that they have perfect freedom to participate in one of Britain's wars or to refrain at their discretion; and there is absolutely no doubt that Britain would make no move to influence Canada either one way or the other, but the enemy would be bound by no such scruples. When Britain is at war Canada is at war—willy-nilly—from the standpoint of the enemy.

Another step in the course of devolution is the recent arrangement which has

been made for the appointment of a Canadian Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, who will be responsible to and report directly to the Canadian Government.

Nations, like individuals, cannot remain stationary; they must either move forwards or backwards. Since 1837 the

tendency in Canada has been in the direction of a greater measure of self-government, first in domestic, and now in external affairs. There are many close observers who claim to see in this steady trend the evidences of future total independence. This is strenuously opposed by many of those who are very active in

their advocacy of the most recent developments in Canada's changed relations, but it is difficult to perceive how it is possible to follow along a road having a certain definite destination without sooner or later arriving at that point.

D. M. LE BOURDAIS.

Ottawa, Canada.

ECHOES OF THE JAPAN NUMBER

THE people of the United States are outgrowing their provincialism. They are becoming more and more aware that the relations of the United States to foreign countries cannot all be regulated by the Monroe Doctrine, and that a skillful management of our foreign affairs requires a knowledge of more than the West Indies and Mexico. One bit of evidence that this is so is furnished by the widespread comment and correspondence which has come to us from our readers as the result of the publication on June 16 of the Special Japan Number of *The Outlook*.

"Every effort made to interpret correctly Japan to America should be commended," writes the president of a large American advertising corporation. "The maintenance of cordial relations between this country and every great nation can be helped by the newspapers and magazines through a fair interpretation of their ideals, and I feel you have done well. The amazing response of Japanese business interests in your columns measures their interests in the importance of our trade relations with Japan and the Far East. I hope you will develop this international idea."

A prominent New York lawyer writes as follows:

"You have reason to be proud of the Japan Number. I have seen all the special editions in recent years, and I think yours is by far the most interesting and attractively arranged.

"You accomplished quite a feat in preserving the regular features of *The Outlook*, thereby holding the interest of those who do not especially care to read about Japan."

"The Japan Number represents a high-water mark among magazine achievements," writes a successful Western journalist who has lived in Japan. "In the present order no Japanese wield so much influence upon American-Japanese affairs as Messrs. Hara and Shidehara [the Japanese Premier and Ambassador to the United States, respectively], and you have from both of them contributions which really say something."

Of course not all the comment is laudatory. For instance, Mr. A. Tooley, writing from Brockport, New York, says of the article by Mr. Yoné Noguchi:

"As I read the article 'Japanese Poets and Poetry' in *The Outlook* of June 16, I was led to wonder why the writer used the English language to convey his ideas. So far as I am con-

cerned, the article would have been as intelligible if it had been written in Japanese, and far less exasperating, for, in that case, I would not have had to encounter a series of words with whose individual meanings I was perfectly familiar but which were strung together in sentences which did not convey the glimmer of an idea."

After declaring that "dispassionate, sensible discussion" of American-Japanese relations in the Japan Number has been read by her "with great interest and satisfaction," Mrs. Ida D. Bellows, of Los Angeles, California, whose husband was formerly an American Consul-General to Japan, takes exception to Mr. Gregory Mason's statement that "no one can question the right of the United States to exclude Japanese or any other people it chooses to exclude. Japan certainly cannot question this right, as Japan herself excludes Chinese laborers from the Island Empire."

Mrs. Bellows says: "The facts are that Japan does not discriminate" (against the Chinese). "Her law on the subject is general, applying alike to all races and nations. . . . Furthermore, the Japanese law does not exclude Chinese nor any other laborers as such, but does bar all contract labor except certain forms of skilled labor. A Chinese not under contract may freely enter Japan and seek employment there, and he will not be interfered with either at the port of entry or afterward."

Mr. John T. Bramhall, of Chicago, has written such an amusing parody on Mr. Mason's article, "The 'Possum and the Dinosaur," that we do not apologize for publishing it in full. Mr. Bramhall writes:

This is the way the thing looks to me. I shall call it:

THE DINOSAUR AND THE 'POSSUM

I am the dinosaur, the same who died because I could not adjust myself to the changing conditions of the crust of the earth. You have heard many words of wisdom from the 'possum, whose adaptability was greater, and who therefore was enabled to pull through. Survival of the fittest? *Quien sabe?* May I present my case as briefly as I am able?

I was possessed of a very fertile and comfortable swamp with upland orchards of cabbage palms, the climate agreeably warm and humid, and the scenery most attractive. Came to live with me the 'possum, a most ingenious little cuss, who used to amuse my children by climbing the fern trees and hanging in a most

artistic manner by his tail. "You'll come to grief with that sort of play," I used to warn him; "it isn't done here, you know." "It is the most ancient and honorable style of my ancestors," he would reply with much dignity, and then taunt me: "Try it yourself, and prove if you are also ancient and honorable." I paid little attention to him when he established his cabin and filled it with many replicas of himself. But after a time I noticed that he had fenced in all the borders of my swamp and had flourishing gardens all about. I had no gardens or cane patches, because my taste ran in other directions. And I scorned to use my trees for a clothes-line when I needed my tail for aquatic propulsion, and I could not subsist on an insect diet—I who required a ton of cabbage palms and a barrel of fish for a meal. I was pretty good-natured about it, however, though I disliked being crowded in my own swamp.

"How about it?" said I, finally. "Shinny on your own side. I don't like your color." This last, I admit, was unparliamentary. "I humbly beg you will excuse," replied Mr. Possum; "please pardon my intrusion, because my people at home are most congested and the situation is entirely economic. It is imperative that I expand, and, moreover, that I find something for to-morrow's dinner plate." All this may have been very logical, but it was not conclusive, or, at least, satisfactory, especially as Mr. Possum was beginning to fence in my cabbage palms. After all, the color did not count so much as the crowding. We were an aristocratic race, our family being highly connected and including the Omosauria, the Polacanthia, the Scilidosauria, the Stegosauria, and many other names well known on Beacon Street and Lake Merritt. But I must admit that lineage butters no parsnips. Also that we were not as cunning, as industrious, or as adaptable as the 'possum, who, whenever floods came, which was frequent, would simply hang himself up by his caudal appendage and forget it. And so, when the Big Flood came, we were caught in our swamp and overwhelmed, for the 'possum had monopolized the dry land. As the waters were flowing over us I cried out to the 'possum: "Why do you keep all the dry land and leave me to perish?" And 'possum replied, smiling: "I beg you will excuse. It is natural law that we expand. And we have demand that we fill our dinner plate. Bushido."

And there you are.

To judge by the high percentage of letters commenting on the article by our staff correspondent on the Japanese situation in California this phase of

Japanese-American relations demands more of the attention of Americans than all other phases combined. Of course this is natural enough. One California correspondent, Mr. George W. Hinman, the Director of the Oriental Survey of the Interchurch World Movement, writes:

One who has observed closely the living conditions of the Japanese agricultural laborers on the Pacific Coast would not, I think, want to recommend them to Americans even by implication, though the American civilization might be considered more "dinosaurian." One might not care to persist as a "possum." But, after all, industry and adaptability are not exclusive Japanese characteristics and the Japanese in America, after he has won a measure of economic independence, is as fond of a "showy and expensive civilization" as any of us. My observation is that fewer Japanese buy Fords in proportion to the total number of automobiles than do the Americans. The Japanese work hard

for their money, but they spend it very freely, generously, for good causes, and often foolishly through ignorance of the way to use it. I do not believe you are right in stressing racial antipathies as fundamental. Our unwillingness to approve free intermarriage with the Japanese does not indicate that there must be a permanent barrier of racial antipathy. No scientific ground for such permanent racial antipathy has ever been demonstrated. As a result of my somewhat extensive experience with Japanese and Chinese and Americans on the Pacific Coast I would like to say, in italics, too, that the basis of the controversy is an economic question, not, except for purposes of inflaming prejudice, a racial one.

It is encouraging to see the optimism of an authority like Mr. George L. Cady, one of the corresponding secretaries of the American Missionary Association, who has been studying the conditions of the Japanese living in California and

Hawaii. Unless the Japanese are "the canniest and most successful liars on earth, . . . there is a genuine desire among the Japanese in Hawaii and California to fit themselves for American citizenship," says Mr. Cady, commenting on the fact that the Japanese Association of southern California recently appropriated \$1,500 for an Americanization problem.

"Whatever my personal opinion may be worth after four months of close study," declares Mr. Cady, "I am firmly convinced that among all the aliens in our midst the Japanese challenges us with the greatest hope, whether from the standpoint of Christianization or Americanization."

As we said at the time, our main purpose in publishing a Special Japan Number was to encourage American interest in Japan. The amount of comment which we have received is a gratifying indication that our effort was successful.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WHERE LOVE IS GOD IS

THERE is no house so poor that love may not enter in and bless it. Because poverty enters in at the door love does not fly out of the window. Though there is no fire on the hearth, though there is poor fare on the table, love may be in the heart. Because luxury enters in at the door love does not fly out of the window. Love blesses the hut; love blesses the palace. Love nurses the sick in the hospital, gives courage to the soldier on the field of battle, consoles the mourners at the grave, sings in the hearts of bride and groom at the altar.

Political economists have told us that self-interest is the great inspirer of industry. That is not true. Love is the inspirer of industry. Love for his wife and his children gives strength to the arm and gladness to the heart of the laborer, patience to the teacher in the schoolroom, clearness to the brain and energy to the thinking of the merchant in the counting-room, eloquence to the pleader at the bar. When the youthful Erskine was asked how he dared demand a hearing from the august judges before whose impatient frown older barristers had quailed, he replied: "I felt my children plucking at my robe and heard them crying to me, 'Now, father, is your chance to get us bread.'"

God is love. Therefore we may ask love to interpret to us the psalmist's song of praise to God:

If I ascend up into heaven, love is there.
If I make my bed in the abode of death,
love is there.

If I take the wings of the morning
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the
sea

Even there shall love lead me

And love's right hand shall grasp me.
If I say the darkness shall overwhelm me
And the light about me shall be night
Even the darkness hideth not from love
But the night illumined by love shineth
as the day;
The darkness and the light are both
alike to love.

God is love. Therefore we may ask Paul's psalm of praise to love to interpret God to us:

God bears long with offenders and is helpful; God is never envious; God does not vaunt himself; God does not bear himself proudly; God does not seek his own; God is not easily provoked; God does not keep account of evil; God rejoices not in injustice but rejoices in the truth; God endures all experiences, trusts in them all, hopes in them all, is patient under them all.

The universal presence of love is the universal presence of God. The almighty power of God is the all-conquering power of love. The mystery of life is the mystery of a love too great for us to understand. If one could comprehend all the experiences of love, he would comprehend God. It is the heart, not the intellect, which understands God, for it is the heart, not the intellect, which understands love. Love cannot be defined by a text-book, neither can God be defined by a catechism. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

Only he who understands a father's love can understand, "Like as a father pitieth his children." Only she who understands a mother's love can understand, "Like as a mother comforteth her child." And they who understand how love in father, mother, and child make up one

personality get a clue to the Trinitarian's faith—three Persons in one God.

We look back into the past for a memory of a God that was, or forward into the future for a hope of a God that is to be; and all the while God stands at the door and knocks for admission to our lives. Love is God knocking.

Love knocks at the heart of the expectant mother, that mother-love may interpret God to her. Love knocks at the heart of the boys and girls at school and college, that friendship may interpret God to them. Love knocks at the hearts of the youths and the maidens, that a love as strong as death, which many waters cannot quench nor floods drown, and which is of infinitely more value to them than all their possessions, may interpret God to them. Love knocks at the door of the mill and the mine, that by making labor a service love may interpret the spirit of him who is the Maker of heaven and earth. Love knocks at the door of sorrow, that human sympathy may interpret to the mourner him who for our sake became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Love knocks at the prison doors, that human forgiveness may interpret him who came to seek and to save the lost. And love inspires the faith and hope which looks up from the hour of death and forward to the day of judgment not with dread but with rejoicing, and sings: "Let the heavens rejoice and the earth be glad, let the sea roar and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein; for Love is coming; he is coming to judge the world with righteousness and the people with his truth."

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN: ITS PROBLEMS AND PERSONALITIES

Under this heading each week until election we expect to print an article or articles, not necessarily expressing *The Outlook's* opinions, but presenting some phase of the political contest, some light upon it, some point of view concerning it, which will be of interest to the voter, and will have some bearing upon the decision which he or she must make before the ballots are cast on November 2.—THE EDITORS.

POLITICS AS A GOING CONCERN

BY HENRY J. HASKELL

OF THE KANSAS CITY "STAR"

EVERY National convention emphasizes one fact that many persons, especially those who pride themselves on their intelligence, are slow to learn. That fact is that what we call politics has become a highly organized, complex affair—a science, if you like; that a modern political party functions like a great industrial institution which engages the services of hundreds of thousands of men; and that in general the men who direct and guide such an organization are the men who have risen to places of responsibility through long service, by a process of natural selection.

The working of the system was well illustrated at the Republican Convention at Chicago. The balloting, it will be recalled, began on Friday. When adjournment was taken Friday afternoon, General Wood was leading, with Governor Lowden second. Only a handful of votes had been cast for Senator Harding. Friday night, at a conference at the Blackstone Hotel, plans were laid which resulted in the nomination of Senator Harding on Saturday.

A group of Senators were the chief figures in the conference. This fact, and the circumstances attending it, led to an impression in the country that a "Senatorial cabal" had arbitrarily intervened to force the nomination of a candidate whom the party did not want.

Now, whatever may be thought of the nomination of Senator Harding, any such impression is based on a lack of familiarity with the actualities behind the workings of a party organization. In the first place, the men who assumed the leadership of the Convention were not leaders because they were Senators. They were Senators because they were leaders. Of the tens of thousands of men who take an interest in politics and devote a good share of their time to it, a certain number through the possession of exceptional qualities get into official positions. They become postmasters, collectors of the port, district attorneys, and the like. Some of them go into the Legislature and Congress. A few reach the governor's chair. But the great prize of American politics is a Senatorship. Occasionally there is an accidental Senator. But in general the best political brains of a party finally find their way into the Senate. If the great prize of politics were an ambassadorship,

then the men who took charge at Chicago would have been ambassadors. As it happens to be a Senatorship, the men who met on the fourth floor of the Blackstone that Friday night were Senators.

Another thing. Once a man reaches the Senate, the conditions help to develop his political leadership. He is in office for six years. He becomes familiar with National and State problems. He is in constant association with his colleagues, so he becomes familiar with their habits and ways of working. A Senatorial group naturally can do team-work that is impossible to any fortuitous collection of leaders.

At Chicago more than a dozen Governors were present. One of them proposed to another that they get together in order to exert a greater influence on the course of the Convention. "But how can we buck the Senators?" the second protested. "We don't even know each other by sight. We don't know how to work together."

To return to the Convention. Through the campaign for the nomination the Senators had frankly been for Harding. They liked him personally, for he has a gift at friendship. They were in revolt against what they regarded as the autocratic methods of President Wilson. They were determined that the next occupant of the White House should be a man who would work with Congress, and particularly with the Senate. They were confident that Senator Harding had the instinct for co-operation. But after the Ohio primaries most of them had abandoned him as a possibility.

As between the two leading candidates, the sympathies of most of the group were with Lowden. He "belonged to the lodge"—that is, he had had political experience and had demonstrated his willingness to work with the organization. They felt much more confident of him than of General Wood, whom they regarded as an outsider, politically. In addition, they were frankly afraid of an attack on the ground of "militarism" if a soldier were nominated. They may have been mistaken in their judgment in both these respects. The writer believes they were. He is simply reporting the course of their mental processes.

In this situation came the bombshell of what was known as the "Missouri scandal." It is needless to discuss the details

of this affair. The general facts are everywhere known. The leaders did not hold Governor Lowden responsible for the use of the campaign fund in Missouri, but they could not fail to see that it made a serious situation. How serious they did not know until the delegates began coming into Chicago. From the more judicious of these they discovered an undercurrent of alarm over the effect of the scandal in close Congressional districts and in doubtful States.

As the Convention got under way, and the leaders came in touch with an increasing number of delegates, the determination grew—based on considerations of practical politics and the ordinary motives of human nature—to turn from Wood and Lowden to a "dark horse." A thorough canvass of the situation was made, and the availability of various candidates was discussed with important delegates. The matter came to a crisis in the midnight conference at the Blackstone. Here is the situation as it was explained while the conference was in progress by a man who took an important part in its deliberations. What he said is here set down in substance, not with approval, but merely to give an idea of the considerations that move politically minded men under such circumstances:

"General Wood cannot be nominated. Too many delegates are afraid of 'militarism' as an issue. Besides, there is a feeling [here he undoubtedly spoke for the Senatorial group] that if he should be elected he might feel that he was a sort of commander-in-chief, and would try to run things, as President Wilson does, without consulting Congress. If the Convention is let alone, it will nominate Governor Lowden, although it doesn't want him. From our investigation we have become convinced that the Missouri scandal would subject him to such attack that he would be a hard man to elect. We like him, we think he has made an able Governor, and we don't hold him responsible for what happened in Missouri. But it won't do to nominate him.

"Who is left? Judge Hughes is an able man, but the fellows from New York simply won't stand for him. They say he is a very poor vote-getter in New York State, and then his record of defeat four years ago would be a handicap to start with. Senator Knox has served in the

Cabinet of three Presidents. He is a man of splendid ability. But he voted against prohibition and against suffrage, and he comes from a sure Republican State. There is no inducement to take him. Senator Johnson, of course, the East won't stand for. Will Hays has shown great executive ability, but if we should nominate him we would be charged with nominating a man without experience in public office simply because he was a good politician."

"What about Hoover?"

"Undoubtedly a very able man. But you must understand that this Convention is made up of men who are interested in politics. That is why they are here. They will not take an outsider. There are a lot of able men in the United States who might fill the office wonderfully well; but they have had no part in politics, and they would not be considered by this Convention. We must work with the instruments at hand. Our problem is not merely to pick a man who would make a good President, but to pick one this Convention will nominate."

"Senator Harding is very highly regarded by his colleagues. He has had experience in politics and in public office. We know that he will seek advice and counsel. After all, isn't the country fed up on an autocrat in the White House? Wouldn't it be relieved to know that it was to have a President of the other sort?"

The objection was made by one in the group that Senator Harding was not a National figure; that he was hardly known outside of Ohio and the Senate chamber.

"We might as well admit frankly, gentlemen," was the reply, "that this isn't a Convention of 1880, when we had a Garfield, a Grant, a Blaine, and a Sherman to choose from. We haven't a lot of National figures. Senator Harding isn't a world beater, but we think he will make a satisfactory President and that we can elect him."

This point of view was confirmed by others of the inner circle. These men may have been mistaken in their judgment. Many of us thought that they were. But they did not go to Chicago as dictators to put something over and to cram an unwelcome candidate down the Convention's throat. They went with a fairly open mind. They tried to get a just view of the situation and to free themselves from illusions. They came to the conclusion that, while the delegates if left without guidance would proceed to nominate Lowden, they really would prefer to nominate a man like Harding.

The ignoring of Mr. Hoover was as significant of political motives as the nominating of Senator Harding. One man was wholly within, the other wholly without, the political tradition. No one could talk to the delegates at Chicago without realizing that they regarded Mr. Hoover for Presidential nominee very much as the board of directors of a railway might regard a newspaper editor for president of the road. The fact that there was no connection between the undoubted

Hoover sentiment in the country and the votes in the Convention testified to the highly specialized nature of political organization and the futility of attempts of amateurs to make a serious impression.

All this might have been inferred from the campaign of 1912 and the Congressional campaign two years later. Those who took a leading part in the Progressive movement soon came to realize, if they had not done so at the outset, how enormously complicated a political organization must be. The Republican party had a thorough organization in every Northern State. This extended down into the precincts. There were several thousand men in every State who had had political experience, and who took charge of getting out the vote for registration and later for the election. Experience has shown that it is impossible to win elections in contested States without such an organization. Without systematized effort very large numbers of voters fail to go the polls, and the diligent organization is the one that reaps the reward. Where the Roosevelt organization took over a large share of the Republican workers the party did well in the election. Where it had to build its own organization from the ground up it found itself confronted by an overwhelming task. It proved as impossible to construct the machinery of a new party in one campaign as it proved under war conditions to build within a few months manufacturing organizations that could turn out airplanes efficiently. In 1914, when the personality of Roosevelt was out of the way, the party workers went back into the organization and the Progressive party virtually disappeared.

The lesson of this is obvious. It is futile to rush out every four years, as many of us are inclined to do, and exclaim: "Let us have a new third party. The old parties do not express our aspirations. They have lost their meaning. We must organize a new party and nominate a leader who stands for what we believe." Futile, that is, except as a protest. It is wholly impossible to provide the vast organization necessary. In addition, sentiment is a powerful factor in politics, and the American people have formed the two-party habit. After the election of 1914 Theodore Roosevelt thus diagnosed the situation in a letter to a friend:

From the night of election two years ago I have felt that the chances were overwhelmingly against the permanence of the Progressive party. The analogies drawn after election between us and the early Republican party were not based on fact. The Republican party started in 1854 without any big leader at all, and it was six years before it developed a big leader. Yet at the very outset it completely crushed the Whig party and elected a majority of Congress. The average person who was not a Democrat became a Republican. We, on the contrary, elected merely a handful of Congressmen in 1912 and not a Senator or Governor, and very few local officers. I beat Taft, but that was all. The Republican party remained as the leading op-

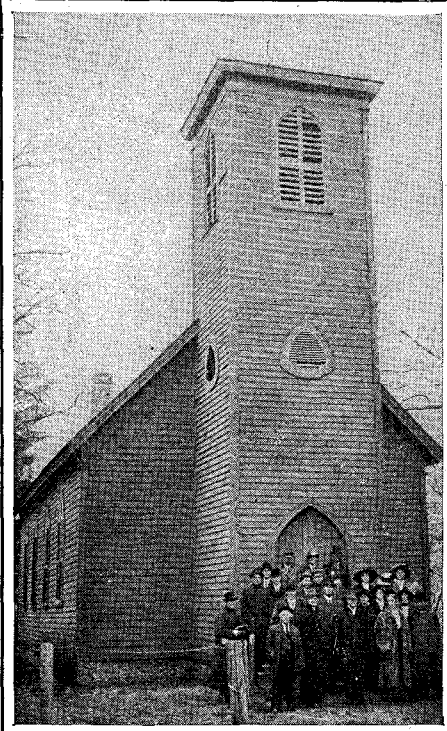
position party. The average American is deeply wedded to the two-party system. He wishes to vote with his own party, and the name has an enormous influence over him. When he gets angry with his own party, he wishes to rebuke it by voting with the party of the opposition. When he goes with a third party, it is for temporary and usually for local reasons. When we failed to establish ourselves at the very outset as the second party, it became overwhelmingly probable that politics would soon sink back into the conditions that had been normal for the previous half-century—that is, into a two-party system, the Republicans and the Democrats alternating in the first and second place. Under such circumstances it was likely that we would keep only the men of high principle and good reasoning power and the cranks. The men in between left us.

That is, we have built a system in which one political group manages the Government, while the other on the outside criticises it and exerts a salutary influence by threatening to pounce on every mistake and capitalize it. The one group is conducted by men who have inherited a certain rather nebulous set of tendencies, the other by another group who have inherited another set of tendencies. In the course of time each of these groups has become highly organized, and each has acquired the services of a large number of men who have become adepts in political procedure, who have come to look on the party very much as men look on a church or a lodge. An organization so humanly based is not easily thrown into the discard. Furthermore, it is almost as futile, under ordinary circumstances, to expect such an organization to award its leadership to an outsider as to give way to a third party. The assumption that it will discard all its seasoned captains and take up some big business man does violence to human nature. In general, if the reformer or the idealist is to get anywhere in politics, he must come up through the ranks, as Roosevelt did. The nomination of Senator Harding at Chicago and of Governor Cox at San Francisco was the perfectly natural expression of human nature working in the medium of politics.

How, then, are we to improve political conditions? How are we to get away from the evils that have made politics a byword? Certainly not by any short cut, any miracle. We must recognize the facts as they are. We must understand the importance of the political organization and the essential nature of the work it does. If we are to make ourselves an effective force, we must make up our minds to join a local party organization and have something to say before the issues are made up. We have no particular license to complain of the results if we take no hand in making them. There is no doubt that the nominees of both Conventions were highly acceptable to the bulk of the delegates. The only way to insure changing the type of convention nominees is to change the type of personnel of the conventions. And the only way to change the type of delegates

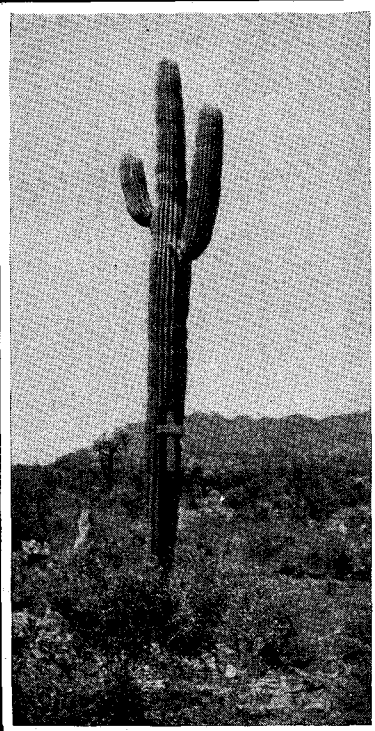
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 616)



From R. C. Lyles, Yankton, S. D.

This is the picture of a church which readers familiar with the sentimental songs of a generation or so ago will recognize under the name "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." This homely song was written by Dr. W. S. Pitts for the dedication of this church in 1862. His song was first published in 1865. It found a place in Sunday-school song books and was popular for use by glee clubs and concert troupes. The group in the picture includes teachers from Ohio State College and Governor W. L. Harding, of Iowa. The church is located two miles from Nashua, Iowa



From Capt. J. F. Reynolds Scott, Fort Huachuca, Arizona

A DESERT LANDMARK IN ARIZONA

The cross in this tree cactus indicates that near by is an iron container to catch rain water—when it rains. The nearest town to this spot is Ajo, forty miles away. Water in this part of the desert is found at intervals averaging thirty miles or more. When the Forty-niners crossed this part of the desert in endeavoring to reach Yuma, water was at far greater intervals than at present



From Dr. Leonard W. Klene, Elgin, Arizona

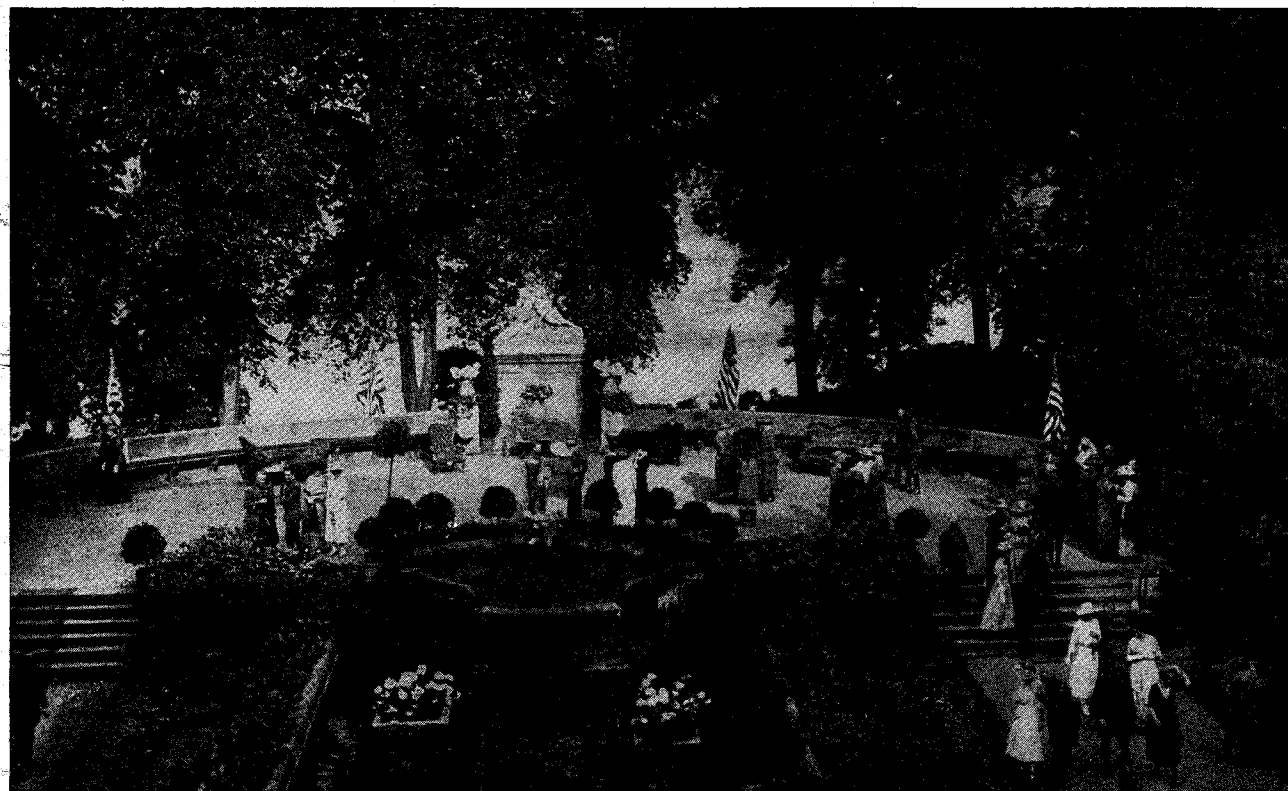
"Who is this?" We had to look at it very carefully before we could recognize it as an early portrait of Major-General Leonard Wood. It was taken, we are informed, about 1885, at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, where General Wood served part of his first enlistment in the Army. The story is told of General Wood that while on a hunting expedition at Huachuca he shot two geese. He later received a bill for his birds, which proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt that while the geese were not "wild" their late owner certainly was. This photograph comes to us from Dr. Leonard W. Klene, of Elgin, Arizona. We suspect, though we do not know, that the doctor's middle name is Wood

From Warren Russell, Los Angeles

We suspect this of being a propaganda picture for two of California's three most advertised industries—ostrich farming and the movies. The third industry, needless to say, is eulogizing her climate. We are informed that the famous star in the picture carried the two eggs, also in the picture, in an airplane from a certain ostrich farm near Los Angeles to a certain hotel in Santa Barbara, where the hotel chef prepared a huge omelet which was a feature at a luncheon given by the above-unnamed star to the general manager, also unnamed, of her company. The eggs—we sha'n't conceal this detail—cost \$11 apiece, a price which shows that ostrich eggs cannot be depended upon to reduce the high cost of living, even though they may help in keeping down the cost of advertising. Will Mr. Russell please forgive us if we do not publish the names of all the people in his interesting picture?



CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) Ledger Photo Service

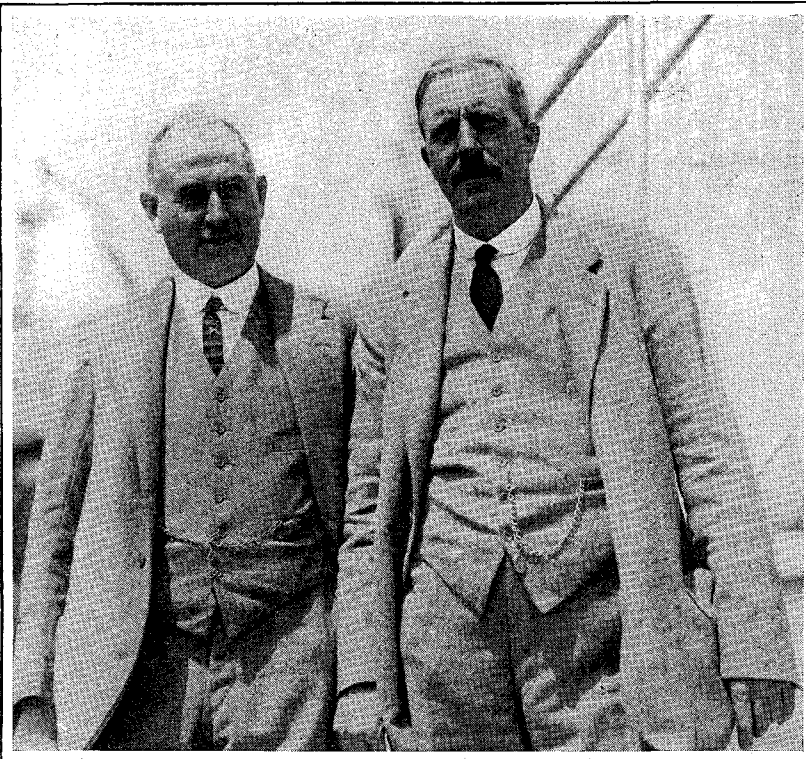
This charming river garden overlooking the Rhine at Coblenz was once a palace garden of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. Now it is under American control, as the flags show, and is a public pleasure place



(C) Keystone View Co.

The old burying-ground of ancient St. Paul's Church in New York City is used as a quiet resting-place at lunch hour by many women and a few men. It is treated reverently by these seekers for a refuge from noisy city streets

TWO RESTFUL SPOTS



Wide World Photos

ENGLISH GOLF CHAMPIONS

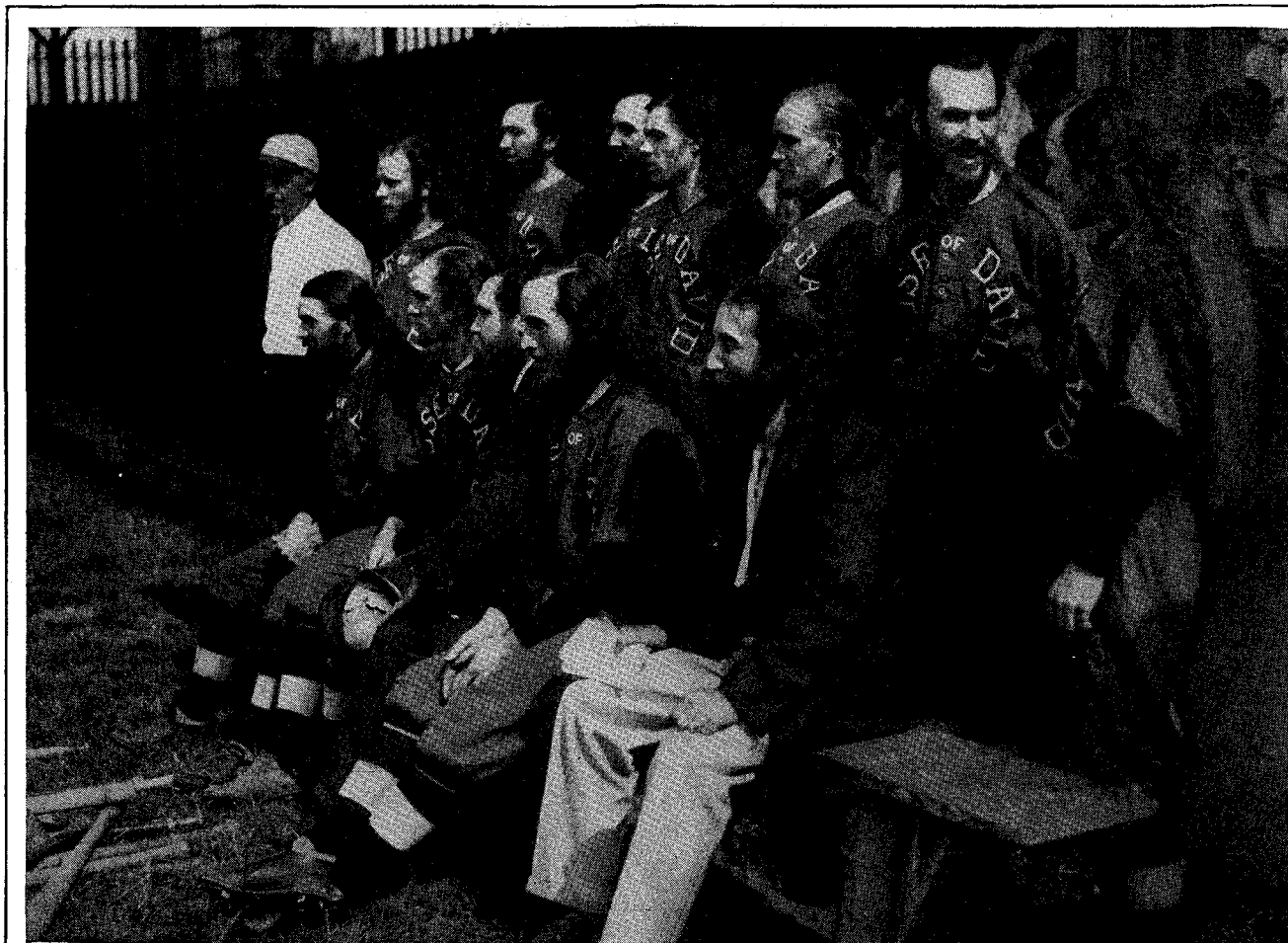
The famous English golfers Harry Vardon and Ed Ray are now giving exhibition matches in America, to the delight of thousands of American lovers of the game at its best



Central News Photo Service

THE PRINCE OF WALES' AMONG THE MAORIS

In his recent visit to New Zealand the Prince of Wales received many Maori chiefs. He is wearing a head man's cloak and carrying a warrior's spear



(C) Underwood & Underwood

A UNIQUE BALL NINE

This is not a group of amateur Svengalis or Buffalo Bills, but a real Western ball team. The members belong to a sect called the House of David, and by their church rules must wear beards or whiskers and long hair. They have been playing games recently in the East

is through the interest of a larger number of people in the fundamentals of political organization.

As Will H. Hays, Republican National Chairman, has written: "Government

functions through individuals. These individuals are elected by the process of practical politics, a sequence which cannot be avoided. We can have better government only if men and women everywhere in-

terest themselves in politics in the selection of those to whom this Government is intrusted, in having thought and voice in its operation, and in making our country's affairs their own business."

SPRING PASTORAL

(LURAY VALLEY)

BY ELINOR WYLIE

I

Liza, go steep your long white hands
In the cool waters of that spring
Which bubbles up through shiny sands
The color of a wild dove's wing.

II

Dabble your hands, and steep them well
Until those nails are pearly white
Now rosier than a laurel bell;
Then come to me at candle-light.

III

Lay your cold hands across my brows,
And I shall sleep, and I shall dream
Of silver-pointed willow boughs
Dipping their fingers in a stream.

THE RED PERIL AND THE RED HYSTERIA

A CONCRETE EXAMPLE OF THE AFTERMATH OF THE WAR PSYCHOLOGY

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

PROFESSOR OF LAW AND POLITICS, HAMILTON COLLEGE, AND REPUBLICAN MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK STATE SENATE

I HAVE not heard of a more interesting concrete example of community sense reasserting itself after a period of Red hysteria following an alleged Red peril than the one which occurred in the city of Utica, within the district which I represent in the Senate of the State of New York.

On the morning of December 30, 1919, we woke up with a start to read in the local press a blood-curdling story of imminent danger to which we had unconsciously been subjected while we slept. We had been saved by the New York legislative committee for the investigation of seditious activities. The agents of this committee had entered our city during the night and had arrested nine young men for criminal anarchy. "The greatest raid in the county's history," so the type told us. The drag-net had gathered in dozens of bushels of Red literature. "Just after midnight the anteroom of the sheriff's office in the county building was filled with prisoners and police officers in plain clothes," who had made their way "into the very nest of incendiarism and Communism in Utica." These violently dangerous persons "were aroused from their beds" and hustled into patrol wagons and automobiles, after a simultaneous descent and search of a dozen centers of sedition, "with unusual results." "So far as could be learned, no attempt at resistance was made in any of the raids." "In several of the alien cases it is probable that the Federal authorities will instigate deportation proceedings." "One of the most interesting finds was a huge 'ripper' knife in one of the trunks."

"The moving papers in the case," prepared by the Lusk Committee's agents,

stated that it was the intention of these seditious parties "to incite to riot, disorder, breach of the peace, destruction of property, and general revolutionary activities among the people of this State; and that it is their intention by such means to offend the public decency and to annoy and endanger the life, repose, health, and safety of a considerable number of persons, and to render such persons insecure in their life and the use of property." "*That it was their intention to incite the breaking of contracts of service or hire, with the intention of endangering human life, causing grievous bodily injury, exposing valuable property to destruction!*"

Next day, December 31, "Law's arm continues to sweep through the city." "Women hurl abuse at officers. 'Keep your hands off me,' screamed one woman as an officer urged her towards the door, and then she added, in doggerel Polish, 'You dirty dog of the system!'" "Continuing in the scooping sweep that clutched first at radicalism in Utica, with the sensational raids Monday night, the long arm of the law reached out over the sleeping city last evening and gathered in *two more aliens*."

Look on that picture, and now on this from the same press of the same community of the morning of the fair 27th of May, 1920, less than five months after. These are the new headlines: "Freedom is given men caught here in Lusk Committee raid." "Foreigners are allowed to go on their own recognizance." "District Attorney finds defendants are innocent victims of propaganda which Americans must combat by counter-propaganda and charitable treatment." "Made to see the error of their ways . . .

by close and constant study in the free schools provided by the city, which they have attended of recent months almost nightly, these nine young men, unfamiliar with American manners and customs, caught in the Lusk raids last December, were given their freedom yesterday afternoon." "The men are Dymtro Pastuck, 36; Joseph Grigas, 39; Michael Zlyko, 22; Peter Krause, 32; Sewarren Skulsky, 25; John Korolonak, 22; Alexander Krucka, 22; Fred Wosney, 23; Dmytro Choptiany, 36."

"'You men understand,' said the Judge in addressing them, 'that we are taking this action because we believe you are not guilty of the crime charged against you, that it was the organization, the Communist party, with which you were connected, and the literature which you read in your homes that brought about your arrest. You will govern yourselves accordingly.'"

"'We must bear in mind,' said the District Attorney, 'that these men, the majority of whom are in their twenties, came to us from Russia, the Ukraine, and Poland, where government to them and their kind meant only despotism. . . . What have we done to teach them? Substantially nothing. . . . Our chiefest concern has been to interest ourselves in this element from the political standpoint only after citizenship has been conferred—and then to the extent of getting them to vote on election day, if we have to pay them for it! Not one of these boys has ever been given a helping hand along the pathway of our style of Americanism. . . . None of them has a criminal record. They are industrious, sober young fellows, several of whom have accumulated property or money, some of which is well

invested in Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps.”

It turns out that these young aliens had been offered work in the mills of the city of Utica, and had been well treated here, as compared with the land from which they came, in the matter of wages and hours of toil. America had looked after their bodies, but the Communist International had looked after the development of their mental life. When they had all been startled by their arrest last December and had been released on bail, of their own initiative they organized themselves into a club for the purpose of securing a room and a teacher of the English language. When the District Attorney heard of it, he called the matter to the attention of the Superintendent of Schools, and arrangement was made that these young men should have a class by themselves under an experienced teacher, and ever since, at the Administration Building in the city, two or three nights every week they have continued their course of study and instruction.

A friend of mine, who is a generous and public-spirited editor in Utica, took pains to get acquainted with these young men and to learn something of their characters and antecedents. When he first saw them, he said, in his humorous way, “Well, they look as little like the conventional Anarchist as an automobile looks like a hay-wagon.” And slowly he learned more about them, as follows:

Peter Krause is a light-haired, pleasant-faced young fellow, a Pole, who has been eight years in this country. He learned the bookbinder's trade in Poland, and has followed it here. He took out his first naturalization papers three years ago, but has moved about so much that it was impossible to bring witnesses to swear that he had been five years continuously in this country. He had one brother in the Austrian army, and four in the Polish army fighting with the Allies, two of the latter being killed. He is married and owns, clear of encumbrances, a house and lot in the city of Utica.

John Korolonak, a fine-appearing young fellow, has been in the country five years, his mother being a Pole and his father a Russian. He has two thousand dollars, which he has laid up here, between four hundred and five hundred of it in United States Government loans. His greatest ambition appears to be to get married and buy a house and become an American citizen.

Dymtro Pastuck, nine years in the United States, married, a molder by trade, takes a paper printed in Ukrainian in order to get the home news. It is a radical paper, and he has been influenced by what he read in it. He prefers the Government of the United States to the one he left.

Joseph Grigas came from Poland to the United States six years ago. His wife and two children are in the old country, and he has not been able to bring them over yet because of the war. He takes a newspaper printed in Polish because he can read it. There are radical doctrines in it, and he has absorbed some of the things which he has read. He is not against the Government of the United States, and no one, until his arrest, ever offered to teach him English or anything else except the doctrines that got him into trouble.

Fred Wosney, five years in this country, a Ukrainian, has a mother, four sisters, and a brother at home. If his mother is dead, he wants to take out naturalization papers here, but if she is living he would like to go back and help support her. The only papers he can read are radical papers printed in Russian.

Dmytro Choptiany, eight years in this country, is a Ukrainian. He is married and has three children. He joined the Socialist party because he was told that it was the party for the workingman and that if they had their way all would be rich. He likes it in this country—better than in the old, seeing that he could earn only a dollar a day there, and would have to work twelve hours to get that.

And so on with the rest of these alleged criminal Anarchists who were rounded up in the raid. If they are dangerous Anarchists, avers my friend the editor, they do not look the part. They are hale, hearty, and husky, and on the way to be good citizens. No native-born American ever until lately offered to look after their mental life or their souls.

A fine stain upon a modern American civic community it would have been if these young men had suffered deportation at the hands of too eager hysterical authorities, without recourse and without redress. The resulting resentment and sullen sense of injustice on the part of the whole body of their neighbors and friends in the foreign-born section of the city would have boded no good towards the American Government. The silent saturation of the city with the poison of opposition to the existing order would have gone on unchecked.

Nothing better could have occurred than the event which has happened to clear the air. The action of the Judge and the District Attorney is the sort of open evidence of the square deal on the part of government in America which no man can gainsay. The whole civic community feels better for it. The sense of collective American responsibility for unbalanced radicalism has been heightened. The right method of meeting alien ideas in time of peace is plainer.

Perhaps it may turn out that it has been not without recompense that we should have gone to exaggerated lengths against alleged alien enemies within our borders in order that America may begin again to find her own soul. Perhaps we shall learn in time that the best way to prevent the dangerous growth of hate, violence, direct-actionism, the general strike, the dictatorship of the proletariat, Communism, and all the other dreaded phenomena of unbridled mass action, is just to be human and let every worthy alien feel and know that government and law and justice in America are on his side, just as they are on ours.

THE FIRST CLASS

BY RAYE ROBERTS PLATT

The author of this story served in France as a private in one of the Intelligence Sections of the Army. As an interpreter he had peculiar opportunities to study and note the people in Lorraine. We are sure the reader will be glad to see a passage from a private letter written by Mr. Platt which bears on the subject and situation of the story. Mr. Platt says: “I was particularly interested in the soldiers and sailors who were returning from Germany every day—especially in their fear of us and their surprise at our tolerance and friendliness in spite of their Boche uniforms. Many of them, perhaps the majority, were as loyal to France as nearly a half-century of oppression

could make such a spirited people. Many, though, like the Karl Mueller of the story, had been so influenced by the spirit of the German *Kultur*, especially during the years of their service, that they came back only half-heartedly to the new freedom that was theirs, and the days of their readjustment were painful days—days of stress and strain both to themselves and their families. The eagerness with which these people, even the children, awaited the return of the French language to the schools was sufficient evidence that the past years had been lived and endured in anticipation of this very event.”—THE EDITORS.

ROSSINGEN is always early astir. On clear midwinter mornings, long before the first faint gleaming of the dawn, the smoke of a hundred freshly kindled wood-fires curls upward in thin blue ribbons from the huddle of red roofs. There is enchantment in this waking

hour. The hearth-fire snaps and leaps, setting all the darkened corners dancing with fantastic silhouettes. The kettle, swinging on the creaking crane, purrs and whispers cheerily till all the low-ceiled room seems filled with sweet content. From the adjoining stable come

the rhythmic plash and tinkle of swiftly filling pails, the rustle and swish of well-cured fodder, and the muffled lowing of cattle, eyes deep in their high-piled mangers.

The villager steps to the door and, standing there upon his threshold while

the light from the fire plays fitfully over the cobbles of the narrow street, drinks deeply of these first brisk draughts of morning air that mark the lifting of the night mists. Worn is the stone of that threshold in two deep hollows where the feet of uncounted generations have passed—the tripping, dancing feet of care-free youth; the heavy, plodding feet of toilsome middle age; the dragging, shuffling feet of weary, careworn years.

On every side great hills loom vague against the darkness, save to the eastward, where the highest, ruggedest peak of all stands sharply defined in all its barren grandeur upon the widening background of the gray morning sky. Slowly the dawn comes on; slowly the light grows; slowly the first rays of the sun feel cautiously across the sky, like timid golden fingers, touching with glory the tip of crag and cloud. Slowly the Midas touch creeps up the edges of the hill until suddenly upon the summit of the loftiest rock there leaps into miraculous radiance the great stone cross, placed there a thousand years ago and more, the village archives say, to be a lasting symbol of Peace and Love. Reverently the villager repeats the sign upon his brow, his shoulders, and his breast, and haltingly murmurs, in the half-forgotten language of his fathers, an age-old prayer.

Perhaps he pauses for a moment then to ponder on the changes that the passing years have brought. Here upon this very threshold he stood clinging to his mother's skirts and watched the blue-clad Prussians pour past that cross and down to flood the village streets—watched and danced to the echoing fanfare of the drums, paused to wonder at the despair fast aging the freshness of his mother's cheeks, and danced again in childish unconcern.

Many a morning in all the years that have passed he has stood there waiting for the miracle of the dawn to bring new vigor to his ebbing hopes, and has turned back to his fire with new resolve in his heart and new strength to bear the hand of the oppressor. Now at last, after half a century of mingled prayers and fears, the Day has come—a splendid Day, such as follows so often upon the blackest night. Gone from the village street are the clank of spurs and the rattle of arms; but fresh in the villager's mind is the picture of that long-prayed-for hour when all the roadway rang to the sound of hurrying feet, when all the face of the morning sun was hid by the scurrying gray of retreating regiments. Sweet with the breath of liberty is the air of this midwinter morning, and the heart of the villager swells with new pride as he repeats that proud slogan that has kept alive the spirit of his people for so many years, "I am of Lorraine."

The world comes down to Rossingen, nestling there in the shelter of her mighty hills, along the wide white roadway that, entering past the great stone cross, skirts the whole amphitheater midway between the summit and the valley before it dips swiftly down into the village. The hills

are steep; so steep that the passing stranger hurries along, half fearing an avalanche and finding a doubtful reassurance in the low stone wall that follows the road as far as the eye can reach.

A long, gaunt figure in a dirty gray uniform sat hunched on that wall one January morning just as the dawn began to gray behind the easterly hills. His thin shoulders were toward the road and his legs, in their clumsy black boots, dangled over the village, the red of whose roofs was only a darker spot in the shades of the valley at this early hour. The acrid odor of wood smoke drifted up to his nostrils and he leaned far forward at times, sniffing hungrily of its sharp fragrance, peering searchingly down at the village and then lifting an impatient face toward the eastern sky as if to hasten the coming of the day. His right arm hung limp, and with every shifting of his body he clutched at his shoulder and cringed painfully, as though the wound were not long healed.

Finally he began awkwardly to search his pockets, and at last drew out a big knife. He opened it with his teeth and, gripping it clumsily in his left hand, began to saw laboriously at the buttons of his tunic. Fat, putty-colored buttons they were, with a crown embossed upon their convex surface; and as each fell from its thread the man fondled it in the palm of his hand, studying it half lovingly, half doubtfully, and then, with sudden decision, cast it from him as though it were an unclean thing. As each button fell into his hand he held it there, struggling with himself, it seemed, as though those buttons symbolized something that had become essential to his life and from which he was separating himself with only half-hearted willingness. But when the last button had rattled down among the rocks he shook himself as if freed at last from the shackles of some painful serfdom. With a sudden impetuous movement he turned, and a light that was almost a smile flashed for a moment in his hungry eyes.

The sun had risen. Shrouded in mist it hung above the opposite-lying hill, revealing only a narrow rim of radiance to crown the dull blues and grays and fleecy whites of its scarfings. The cross, its rugged, weathered limbs all edged with light, was a wondrous thing to look upon; symbolic, it seemed, and prophetic of the light that had come to Lorraine after half a century of darkness. The man lifted his face toward it, and for the moment his haggard features, bathed in the sunlight, reflected something of its glory. He threw his leg across the wall as if to rise; then, as swiftly as it had come, the light was gone from his face and there remained there only hesitancy and doubt and sullen hopelessness. His shoulders slumped back again, and, turning his head, he looked down at the village once more and stretched his arm impulsively toward it with a gesture of infinite yearning.

The morning air was marvelously clear, and as he poised there with arm out-

stretched there came to him all that medley of homely morning sounds that are so sweet to a homesick villager's ear—the jubilant crowing of cocks, the plaintive bleating of sheep, the rattle of an early cart upon the cobble-stones. At the sounds the man's arm fell to his side and a storm of dull, miserable sobs shook his shoulders. There was something primeval about his grief, an elemental abandon, as though with each sob were ebbing out the last vestiges of a manhood to which he had clung desperately until now.

Then suddenly from around the curve toward the village came the heavy rhythm of marching feet. The man hushed his sobbing and looked about him as if to find a hiding-place; but there was none—only the steep hillside below and the steeper rocks above. So he dragged a hasty sleeve across his eyes and climbed slowly to his feet just as the head of the column swung round the curve. They marched four abreast, swinging with a great free stride that was good to look upon. Brown clad they were; their curious round helmets gleamed darkly in the half-light of the hillside, and they sang as they marched snatches of some strangely cadenced air that echoed sharply back from the rocks. The man jerked his heels together and snapped his hand to his cap in salute. Fear was clearly legible on his white face—fear and yet something of the hopeless defiance of a hunted animal brought to bay at last. But the column swept by him, and the officers at its head gave him a hearty salute and even smiled at him. The men inspected him suspiciously as they passed, yet greeted him with unmistakable friendliness and tramped on. Stiffly erect he stood there until the last sound of them had echoed into silence, and as he strained his ears for their dying footsteps there spread slowly over his face such an expression of mingled bewilderment and hope and pitiful joy that it was almost beautiful to look upon. His shoulders were straight now, his head erect, and with an unmistakably military movement he wheeled and stepped out in the direction from which the marching column had come.

Once having rounded the curve, the road dropped in almost precipitous windings toward the village, but the man struck the incline and began the descent with the ease of one who sets his feet upon the homeward path. Sumac and alder and scrub-oaks lined the roadway now and so filled its many sharp angles that only a few rods of it were visible at any moment. The man rounded one of these corners and came suddenly and unexpectedly upon a bent old woman carefully binding bundles of twigs for firewood. Instantly all his fine courage was gone and he was once again a cringing, frightened, hopeless thing. He tried to slink into the bushes unseen, but the crone had heard his footsteps, and, whirling quickly, had him by the coat before he could take a step. "*Du verfluechter Boche!*" she screamed, twisting him

deftly about to face her. But at her first glimpse of his face she stopped, astonished. "Karl! Karl Mueller!" she repeated, as if doubtful of the evidence of her own eyes. Silent and ill at ease, he stood there while her keen old eyes searched his face. "And I called you a Boche!" She threw back her head and laughed long at the preposterousness of such an idea.

Still the man made no answer, and the woman, remarking his silence, stepped closer and peered at him perplexedly. "Were you trying to?"—she began slowly, with stern accusation in her voice, and then, checking herself, corrected her suspicion. "But, no, you were only trying to scare your old neighbor. 'Twas like you. Always up to your little jokes." Stretching out a gnarled old hand, she fingered gently at his empty sleeve and looked at him in voiceless sympathy, sure that in his suffering she had found occasion for his silence. "You are the last," she told him, finally. "Long ago we gave you up. All but the wife. She goes still at daybreak to the church to pray for you, and every morning when I meet her coming back she is sure the day will bring you. And here I'm keeping you from her with my running tongue. Hurry!" she commanded him shrilly, and turned back to her work. Then, when he did not move, she came back to him, and, leaning forward with her hands on her broad hips, she scrutinized his face even more closely than before, trying to fathom, with the prerogative of her years, the mystery of his unwarranted manner.

"But," he stammered, with shamed, downcast face, when he could bear her scrutiny no longer, "the French? Are they not here?"

"La! la!" she answered, mistaking the tone of his question. "Where have you been? Surely they're here!" Then, struck with a sudden idea, she paused and pondered. "Ah! That was it!" she cried, with dawning comprehension, clapping her hard palms and wagging her head at her own sagacity. "Why, man, there isn't a Boche left in all Lorraine. Here! Oh, the streets are full of the blue of them!" she shrilled joyously. "And, Karl!"—she thrust her withered face close to his and whispered as though the tidings were too sacred to be spoken—"the flag is here! The old tricolor! Oh, I've prayed that it would come!" A sudden burst of happy tears flooded her face. Down she sat on a bundle of twigs and rocked and wept.

Still the man did not move, but only stood and looked down at her in growing discomfiture. The woman, having at length dried her eyes, looked up, astonished to find him still standing there. "Why do you wait?" she scolded, angrily. "I tell you the wife is waiting. Have you lost your sense with your arm?"

In answer he glanced down at the dirty gray of his uniform and up at her again, a pitiful question in his eyes. Then, with a flash of swift intuition, she perceived an apparent reason for his reluctance to go on. "Why," she laughed

scornfully, "Lorraine is full of gray like that! It's the heart and not the clothes that makes you of Lorraine." The man winced painfully at that, but the old woman, busy with her philosophy, did not notice. "We're all French now," she ran on. "They love us, the French, and all that they ask of our men is that they cut off the buttons. Strange times," she cackled, delighted with her own shrewdness, "when a button makes a man a Boche and a flapping tunic makes a Frenchman."

But the man was in no mood to join in her mirth. "But I've killed them," he argued, sullenly. "Killed Frenchmen." He thrust his hand toward her as if the blood were still red upon his palm for her to see.

Irritated with his stubbornness, she caught him by the hand and started as if to drag him forcibly away. "Your hand is clean, and your wife is waiting," she told him. "Go, or I'll take a fagot to you, as I've done many a time when you used to play with my lads and steal the grapes from that old vine over the door almost before they had begun to purple."

The man smiled a bit at that, and, turning from her, began the descent. But his feet were slow upon the homeward path, and the woman watched his reluctant pace with growing impatience. "You'll find them all at the school," she called after him. "They are beginning to teach the French again to-day. All the village will be there. 'Tis only that the nights are chill and the fagots low that I am not there myself." Glad of an excuse for delaying, the man halted. "Remember the day when they began to teach you children the German? Remember how they took down the picture of Louis Napoleon that hung behind the master's desk? La, la, how my Katrina cried when they took away her French grammar! Remember how we whispered together, '*Vive la France!*' because we did not dare to shout it? You were a lad in aprons then, but I can see yet how your face shone." The man winced again and bit his lips at the memory. "Well, they're teaching French again to-day," she concluded, sagely, and turned back to her binding.

Again and again the man hesitated and stopped, looking back up the hillside, down into the village, and up at the great cross, now visible from every angle of the road, debating, always debating the direction of the next step. Yet as he drew nearer to the village and the old familiar sights, pregnant with a thousand poignant memories, clustered close about him, his step was lighter and his indecision less apparent.

The white road enters Rossingen through a massive gateway that pierces the gray old wall that, built in some dim, forgotten day of the Roman occupancy, still flings a protecting arm about the little village. The man stepped through the gateway and into the courtyard inside. There was a scurrying and bustling there and a festive air about it all. He paused

in the shadow of the gateway to watch and listen. Every man and woman that crossed that court, save for an occasional trim figure in horizon blue, was as well known to him as his own body. Every voice brought to him a rush of memories that seemed now unbearably sweet. There was shelter in the darkness of the gateway, while out in the court the morning sun shone brilliantly. Twice he essayed to brave the light, and as many times slunk dejectedly back into the shadows again. Then somewhere a bell clanged cheerfully and insistently. At the first stroke the man stepped straight out into the sunlight and turned toward the sound. He noticed now that the court was empty and that, after a few quick strokes, the bell was silent. But its ringing had touched some responsive heart-string and he was drawn irresistibly toward it.

The narrow cobble-paved street teemed with a host of familiar sights and smells, but the man had senses for none of them. The street was short, so that it was only a moment until he stepped into a tiny box-bordered area before a square old building of time-stained brick. The sign above the door was newly painted. "*École de la Commune*," the man spelled out the words laboriously. Then for the first time his eyes fell upon the banner hanging above it. Three bars of blue and white and red it bore, beautiful in the freshness of its colors. Then a passing breeze caught the banner and fluttered its silken folds down like a scarf about his shoulders. At the touch a new light dawned upon his face, like a radiance from some swift vision. Doubt and fear had vanished from his eyes, and with the gesture of one who has been through the fire and has been born anew he lifted a fold of the flag and kissed it reverently.

Then he moved swiftly toward the open door, and as he stepped upon the threshold there came to him a chorus of chanting voices. A strange chorus it was to come from any schoolhouse door—children's voices, high and shrill with excitement; women's voices, vibrant with tenderness; men's voices, trembling with emotion. Slowly the words of the chant revealed themselves to his consciousness. They were conjugating a French verb. "*J'aime la France, tu aimes la France, il aime la France*," they chanted.

Karl Mueller set his foot inside the door. The chanting stopped, and with a wild cry a little form popped from the assembly and flung itself upon him. "*Vater! Vater Karl!*" an eager voice repeated. "*Hans! Du kleiner Hans!*" the father answered, passionately, and crushed the little form close against his body.

The lad clung there in ecstasy for a moment, and then, struggling free, stood back and eyed his father in solemn disapproval. Carefully he corrected his first greeting. "*Mon père*," he articulated slowly; "*Charles, mon père*."

"*Jean*," agreed the father, smiling. "*Jean, mon petit. Gott sei Dank*."

THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

A WARM WEATHER REVIEW

WARM weather has much the same effect upon reviewers that it has upon the rest of the human race, though some authors may be inclined at times to question the right of reviewers to claim a place in that inclusive category. One of the general results of warm weather is to induce a repugnance for politics and philosophy. When the temperature is in the eighties, for instance, who cares what Veblen thinks? There are those, it may be observed, who do not care very much what he thinks even when the temperature is at freezing-point or lower. But, as the reviewer was saying, who cares much for politics or philosophy when collars are melting and galley proofs stick unpleasantly to one's hands? It is at this season of the year that the review of weighty tomes is most likely to be conveniently postponed. Perhaps some day publishers may see the wisdom of waiting to bring out all their books for serious thinkers until the first snow has flown.

The reviewer has two books on his desk which suit him admirably as a subject for a warm weather review. One volume, it is true, is somewhat controversial in nature; but the controversy which it evokes deals only with lakes and streams and feathered things—on hooks. It is Mr. Louis Rhead's "Fisherman's Lures and Game-Fish Food."¹

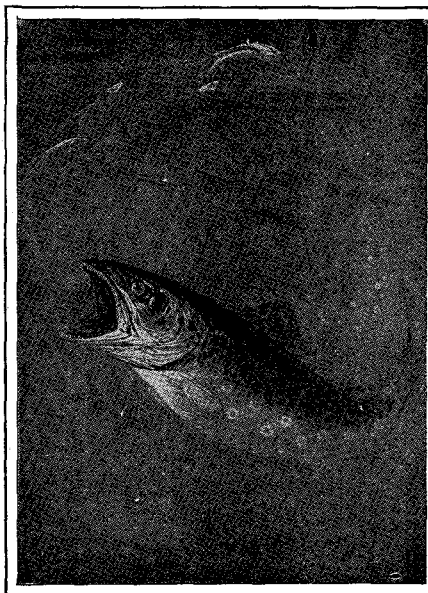
Mr. Rhead has been long and favorably known to American anglers as a most careful investigator of the habits of fish and of the entomology of American streams. He is an artistic angler and an angling artist, and (as were his two previous volumes) his present book is profusely illustrated with the work of his own pencil and brush. There are anglers who consider Mr. Rhead a faddist and who laugh at his theories of when, where, and how game fish are to be found and caught. But it cannot be denied that Mr. Rhead has introduced into the art of angling in American streams a new and interesting element.

Mr. Rhead belongs to the naturalistic rather than the romantic school. He will have nothing to do with artificial lures which do not imitate as nearly as possible some natural fish food. Parmachene Belles and Jenny Linds mean nothing to him. He eschews fantastic plugs and is dogmatically certain that his own system of angling is the one scientific, artistic, non-refillable, unbreakable, unshrinkable, and blown-in-the-glass method of extracting game fish from their favorite haunts and transferring them to the angler's creel.

There are points about Mr. Rhead's theories which bring to mind some of the infallible systems for "playing the market," and the reviewer suspects that it is even harder to find an infallible system for playing fish than it is for playing the bulls and bears of Wall Street.

Every angler has days when he is convinced that his own private system has been proved to possess an almost unearthly perfection. Then this same angler goes out the next day in a boat with a fisherman who disregards the Ten Commandments, the Fourteen Points, and the Thirty-

nine Articles of the fishing world and beats this same devotee of scientific methods to a frazzle. In the long run the expert will undoubtedly beat the neophyte by a wide margin. But if fishing could be reduced to an exact science there would have been no occasion for the creation of a fishing proverb concerning greenhorn's luck. The service which Mr. Rhead has performed for American anglers far outweighs, however, the significance of such criticism as the reviewer has offered. He has helped many anglers to a wider understanding and a more scientific observation of the game which they are pursuing. For popular use he has classified perhaps more completely than any other writer the food upon which our fishes feed and he has helped many beginners to measure the



Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

ADULT BROWN TROUT FEEDING ON MINNOWS

smooth patter of tackle-store salesmen at its worth.

In the present volume Mr. Rhead has further developed his theories and designs of naturalistic artificial lures, and he has combined his special pleading with a most informative discussion of the methods by which our game fishing can be preserved and improved. His pleas for conservation, for intelligent planting, and for the protection not only of game fish but the food upon which game fish must live are particularly valuable.

To the reviewer Mr. Rhead's plea for the protection of small game fish has a particular attraction, for it treads closely upon the toes of a hobby which the reviewer has held for a number of years. In fact, he has ridden this hobby to the point where his friends have sometimes pointed out the similarity of his conversation to that of Mr. Dick in "David Copperfield." But let what Mr. Rhead has to say first be reported:

One of the most distressing things about angling, everywhere, is the large number of young trout caught under size, both by accident and design, which is due to the extreme voracity of all species of trout. When young they are reckless in the extreme, going for the fly or lure with such dash and vim as to often make impossible their return to the water without injury. With plenty of food it would

not be so, and it is a crime to kill a trout of any species under ten inches long, because they grow so fast that an eight-inch trout nearly doubles its size in a year under normal food supply. For that one reason alone worm fishing in brooks where food is always scarce should be forbidden, especially if such brooks be stocked by the State. Indeed, all places where fish are planted should not be fished at all for the reason that a young brown trout only four inches long will rise to a small worm or fly in the most audacious manner in precisely the same way his granddaddy does. I agree in such cases the conscientious angler is helpless, and the only thing possible is to unhook the foolish youngster as carefully as possible, and return it to the water uninjured.

There is an answer to this complaint which the reviewer is sorry to see that Mr. Rhead has not mentioned. The only possible way to "unhook the foolish youngster . . . and return it to the water uninjured" is by the use of a barbless hook. If Mr. Rhead will arrange to have some of his excellent flies tied upon these humane instruments, more of them will find their way into the reviewer's tackle box than have done so in the past. It is only fair that this statement should be accompanied with an acknowledgment of great indebtedness to a certain gray drake of Mr. Rhead's which has done yeoman service on many waters. Mr. Rhead's new volume is commended to Outlook anglers as a book which deserves a place in every library beside the writings of George La Branche and Dr. Henshall.

In speaking of Dr. Henshall the reviewer's conscience is stricken with the thought of another volume on angling which came to the Book Table some months ago, and which has not yet received the attention it deserves. This volume, "Streamcraft,"¹ is by an angler who, like Dr. Henshall, is also a member of the medical fraternity. One of the best things the reviewer knows concerning doctors and ministers is that so many men of these two professions are devout anglers. The reviewer has no means of proving his statement, but he is very much of the impression that there are a great many more doctor-anglers and minister-anglers than lawyer-anglers, or at least that doctors and ministers have contributed more than their share to the literature of the art of angling. Is this a delusion or is it a theory susceptible of proof?

"Streamcraft," by Dr. George Parker Holden, is, as its sub-title defines it, "An Angling Manual." It is delightfully dedicated to a minister-angler, the Rev. Henry van Dyke, in a note which records at length all of Dr. van Dyke's distinguished titles, and then concludes: "But most of which he leaves behind When He Goes Fishing."

There are few books in which such complete and compact information concerning the orthodox methods of angling can be found. It should be useful both to the beginner and to the expert who has dwelt long enough in the angling world to develop more theories concerning the reasons for success and failure than could be crowded into an India-paper volume a foot thick.

Here comes King Charles's head again! Dr. Holden has promised the reviewer that

¹ Fisherman's Lures and Game-Fish Food. By Louis Rhead. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

the next edition of his volume will contain an adequate discussion of the use of the barbless hook. So all good anglers who believe in the barbless hook should make haste to buy out the present edition in order to speed the good work on its way. The volume, like that of Mr. Rhead's, should find an honored place in every angler's library.

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Cruise of the "Scandal" (The). By Victor Bridges. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The short story which gives this book its title is charming and gay. Some of the others are flippant or rummy.

Daisy Ashford: Her Book. Preface by Irvin S. Cobb. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Four stories by the author of that world-famed tale "The Young Visitors" with one by her sister Angela thrown in. Daisy's part of the book was "dictated to her father when she was seven years old." One story is almost a novelette. It has the thrilling title "The Hangman's Daughter." Much better is her "Short Story of Love and Marriage" because less consciously naive and amusing. We doubt whether the book will repeat the success of its predecessor. It is hard to say why one doesn't get as much fun out of it, but probably it is because a little of this sort of thing is amusing while a good deal palls.

Presenting Jane McRae. By Mark Lee Luther. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Jane is the daughter of the landlord of a country inn. Her interest in two of its permanent guests, one an engineer, the other a movie actor, furnishes material for an agreeable little comedy of life not without a serious import also.

Suffering Husbands. By Wallace Irwin. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Short stories purporting to show "what every husband knows" in the way of domestic experience, both in the way of war and peace, with the "fifty-seven varieties" of temperaments husbands encounter.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Marian Frear's Summer. By Margaret Ashmun. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A cheerful, wholesome, natural story for girls by the author of "Isabel Carleton's Year." It may be cordially recommended for vacation reading.

Rachel Fitzpatrick. By Lady Poore. The John Lane Company, New York.

A pleasing story about an Irish girl who comes to London to finish her education, and retains her freshness and simple charm in the new world opened to her.

BIOGRAPHY

Herbert Hoover: The Man and His Work. By Vernon Kellogg. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In this readable volume the author shows that Mr. Hoover's work, particularly in Europe, meant not only relief but rehabilitation. It meant the production and transportation of food, it is true, but it also meant the straightening out of transportation, the getting of mines to operate, and the starting up of direct exchanges of commodities. This was begun by Mr. Hoover as Director of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. He extended it in the American Food Administration, but especially in his later directorship of food conditions abroad. Mr. Hoover's organization—the American Relief Administration—is now

feeding millions of children in Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, and Jugoslavia. In addition, the Hoover system of relief warehouses makes it possible for any one in America directly to help any one in those stricken countries. Fortunately for all these endeavors, Mr. Hoover had had wide experience before he entered upon them. To the imputation that Mr. Hoover is not really an American we have Mr. Kellogg's spirited rejoinder:

This American, who has had to live in the whole world and yet has remained more truly a representative American than many of us who have never crossed an ocean or national boundary line, is an object of absorbing interest to-day among the people of his native land. He is hardly less interesting to millions in other lands. He has carried the American point of view, the American manner, the American qualities of heart and mind, to the far corners of the earth. He has no less revealed again, as other great Americans have done before him, these American attributes to America itself.

Mary Russell Mitford and Her Surroundings. By Constance Hill. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

The gentle personality of the author of "Our Village" is clearly brought out. The author's books on Jane Austen and Fanny Burney are well known to American readers. Miss Mitford had friends in America among famous authors, and their letters here quoted are pleasant and entertaining reading.

Recollections of Lady Georgiana Peel. Compiled by her daughter Ethel Peel. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

An entertaining biography so skillfully compiled by her daughter from letters and journals that it is really an autobiography. Lady Georgiana Peel was a daughter of Lord John Russell, a Whig leader, and a daughter-in-law of a younger brother of Sir Robert Peel, a Tory leader. The book, however, deals very slightly with political problems and political events. It is mainly a picture of the most attractive side of English social life. It gives to the American reader a much more intimate acquaintance with that life than he could possibly attain by any introductions, and this without requiring any formalities of dress or any preparatory drill in English etiquette or involving any of that natural apprehension of falling into some blunders which is almost sure to mar the pleasure of social fellowship in unaccustomed circles. It will give to the reader a very pleasant impression of English social life—a life in which there is more simplicity, more affection, and more natural merriment than English aristocratic families are credited with by the English novels.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

"Shakespeare" Identified in Edward de Vere, the Seventeenth Earl of Oxford. By J. Thomas Looney. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Reviewers are often accused of reading only part of the volume upon which they pass judgment. In the present instance we plead guilty to the indictment, for the loose reasoning of the opening chapters of this volume discourage the reader from following the argument to the bitter end. The volume appears to have all the paraphernalia of scholarship but little of its critical spirit. What has scholarship to do with such sweeping suppositions as the following, made apropos of the only letter addressed to Shakespeare which is now extant? This letter was addressed to Shakespeare in London but without any

exact address. Of this letter Mr. Looney says:

Evidently his fellow-townsmen who wished to communicate with him in London were unaware of his residence there; and the fact that this letter was discovered amongst the archives of the Stratford Corporation suggests that it had never reached the addressee. It also permits of the alternative supposition . . . that having received it he was nevertheless unable to read it (notwithstanding the superior quality of its penmanship), and was obliged to forward it to his lawyer in Stratford, who resided in Shakespeare's house there.

After such an exhibition we do not care much whether Mr. Looney has identified Shakespeare as Shakespeare or as some one else. Like the Baconians, he proves too much.

Windmills. By Gilbert Cannan. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York.

This is a volume of satire upon the world and his wife. It makes light of high things and low and at the same time heavy reading of both. It sounds like Greenwich Village at its futilest, though it was written by an Englishman in collaboration with some German friends prior to the war.

WAR BOOKS

Constantine I and the Greek People. By Paxton Hibben, A.B., A.M., F.R.G.S. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York.

An unconvincing statement of "Tino" propaganda.

Stevenson's Germany. By C. Brunsdon Fletcher. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The purpose of this book is explained in the preface as "an effort to place Robert Louis Stevenson before the world as an important witness in the case; and substantially it is a Stevenson book. Yet to get Stevenson into the witness box the history of Germany's thirty years of intrigue and tergiversation, before he reached Samoa, has to be told. This has brought other important witnesses forward. Broadly, therefore, the book is an account of Stevenson's Germany—the Germany he discovered in the Pacific, ruthless and grasping."

MISCELLANEOUS

America's Maritime Progress. By George Weiss. Illustrated. **A Review of the Development of the American Merchant Marine.** Together with Brief Biographies of Men and Companies Representative of the Shipping World. By J. W. Leonard. The New York Marine News Company, New York.

Exporter's Gazetteer of Foreign Markets. A Condensed Survey of the World's Markets and Industries, Published for the Use of Manufacturers, Exporters, Bankers, Shipping, and Allied Trades. Compiled and Edited by Lloyd R. Morris. 1920-21. American Exporter, the Johnston Export Publishing Company, New York.

Man of To-Morrow (The). A Discussion of Vocational Success with the Boy of To-Day. By Claude Richards. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

Works of Henry van Dyke: I—Little Rivers; II—Fisherman's Luck; III—Days Off; IV—Out of Doors in the Holy Land; V—The Ruling Passion; VI—The Blue Flower; VII—The Unknown Quantity; VIII—The Valley of Vision. Avalon Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Poems of Tennyson. Chosen and Edited with an Introduction by Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Studies in Tennyson. By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This excellent subscription edition of Dr. van Dyke's complete works will be heartily welcomed by all those who enjoy his numerous writings. In a separate edition the house of Scribner also publishes selections from the "Poems of Tennyson," edited by Dr. van Dyke, and "Studies in Tennyson," by the same author.

THE HARVARD 1920 CLASS POEM

BY JAMES CORE KING, JR.

Friends, we are met here in a joyous season,
Bright with the dancing witchery of
spring,
And if our hearts beat faster, 'tis with
reason,
For we are gathered from our wandering;
The clouds of war have vanished from the
sky,
And we are free to try
To brush the stars with bold unfettered
wing.

Back in old ways, glad in old haunts and
places,
We, who returned from risks we hardly
knew,

Let us remember constantly the faces
Of classmates who did all that men can
do.

They are not left behind, but gone before,
And waiting for us there
On those brave heights which we aspire to.

Each of us here will strive a little harder,
For, had they lived, they would have
striven too,

Applying all their proven strength and
ardor

To share in tasks that we alone must do;
Ours to preserve the liberty they fought
for,

And delved and wrought for,
And died for;—and to see the matter
through.

For they gave all they had for liberty,
Which they had learned richly to value
here;

In faith they gave it, and humility,
And left us guardians of what they held
dear.

Must now the torch die out where last they
dropped it,

Where bullets stopped it,
Or shall we bear it on, still burning clear?

In days like these, when lofty hopes are
clouded

By dark relapse into a wanton sea
Of puny self-indulgence, and enshrouded

By willful indolence toward liberty,
The shining duties of a stalwart race,

Learned in this place,
Should help us press again to victory.

We who returned to former ways are many,
Yet are we one, for we have felt as one

In stormy days; nor need we harbor any
Fears of forgotten bonds, or ties undone.

Ours shall be ever more and more a class,
As future seasons pass,

Whose comradeship has only just begun.

Have we been wise, and made the most of
gleaning

Ripe wisdom from the wealth of knowl-
edge here,

In these old buildings whose whole depth
of meaning

Has lain in Truth, for many a hopeful
year?

Have we been wise?—If so, we stand to
win

In all that we are in,
For freedom is a teacher without peer.

Freedom marks certain places for so-
journing,

Where tolerance expands the soul to
claim

Admission to those ranks of liberal learning
Where truth is tempered in discussion's
flame.

Freedom marks certain places for her own,
And this is one,
And has been ever since the Pilgrims came.

Hence are we met, to celebrate the passing,
Forth to great deeds of still another band
Whose souls matured here; and this goodly
massing

Of friends shows that they also under-
stand

The everlasting source of Harvard's glory,
And know the story

Of her free progress under Truth's com-
mand.

A CALL TO A NOBLE PROFESSION

A crying need is felt to-day in all hos-
pitals, and unless met by applicants for
the nursing profession the situation will
become very serious. The hospitals will
have to close their doors; some have already
closed wards. The little children must stay
in crowded tenements to suffer and die be-
cause of the lack of nurses to care for
them. The sick and helpless must be
turned away. The profession of a trained
nurse is one of the noblest a young woman
can take up, and the dignity of it is her
protection. She has a home while in train-
ing, and if ill is taken care of. She is
fitted for any walk of life. If she marries,
she will make a better wife and mother
because of her practical experience in a
hospital. Young women are urged to enter
some hospital training school at once and
take advantage of this means of gaining a
life profession, which is everywhere re-
spected and always remunerative.

JOSEPHINE R. MEEKS.

East Orange, New Jersey.

TENNESSEE AND SUFFRAGE

Article 10, Section 2, of our State Con-
stitution provides that "every member of
the Legislature shall take an oath to sup-
port the Constitution of the State." And
Article 2, Section 32, provides that only a
Legislature chosen after a proposed amend-
ment to the Federal Constitution is sub-
mitted shall act upon such amendment. It
may be true, as insisted in the opinion of
Assistant Attorney-General Frierson re-
ferred to in The Outlook of July 7 (though
it is not free from doubt) that under
the decision of the Supreme Court in the
Ohio cases the present Legislature has the
power to act upon the question of the
ratification of the Woman Suffrage Amend-
ment, but no one, of course, will assert
that it is imperative upon the present Leg-
islature to so act in disregard of the said
provision of the State Constitution under
which the members were chosen and which
they have sworn to support. This pro-
vision is certainly morally if not legally
binding as between the people of this
State, speaking through their Constitution,
and their agents, the members of the
present Legislature. It is true that an
agent may do what he has agreed with his
principal not to do, and nevertheless, under
certain conditions, bind his principal, but
this does not justify his conduct.

The said provision has been in the Ten-
nessee Constitution for fifty years. Its
purpose is good, and in accord with the
spirit of democracy. The people of the
State should have the opportunity to con-
sider the proposed Amendment and of
electing their representatives with refer-
ence thereto. GEORGE N. TILLMAN.

Nashville, Tennessee.

To Readers of The Outlook

The Outlook is anxious to secure for
republication the most representative
cartoons. We want the cartoons which
appeal to our readers as vital expres-
sions of popular movements and public
opinion. Won't you help us in our
effort to secure such cartoons by cutting
out the strongest drawings of cartoon-
ists in your local papers and pasting one
of the attached coupons on the back of
each clipping? Then send your selection
to the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook.

The Outlook is equally anxious to
secure unusual news photographs; pho-
tographs which cannot be secured from
the commercial photographers. If you
have any photographs of local objects
or events which appeal to you as of
more than local interest, we hope you,
as a friend and reader of The Outlook,
will send them along to the Photograph
Editor of The Outlook. Fill out and
attach a coupon to the back of each
photograph you desire to submit.

As an experiment we propose publish-
ing these photograph and cartoon cou-
pons in successive issues of The Outlook
for a period of some weeks. No car-
toons or photographs will be considered
which are sent to us otherwise than in
accordance with this notice. We are
forced to make this a rigid rule as only
by this method can we assure to our
readers and friends that their pho-
tographs will be properly cared for and
their cartoons given attention in the
order of their arrival. We will pay for
such cartoons and photographs as we
use in accordance with the agreements
printed on the coupons.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK.

381 Fourth Ave., New York City

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the
..... of the following
date..... If it is the first
clipping of this cartoon to reach The Outlook
and is considered worthy of republication, I
will accept One Dollar as payment in full for
my service in bringing this cartoon to the
attention of The Outlook. I agree that if
it does not meet the above conditions this
cartoon will not be returned nor will its receipt
be acknowledged.

Name.....

Address.....

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of
the undersigned and is submitted for publica-
tion in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for
its return if unavailable. It is my under-
standing that The Outlook agrees to pay \$3
for this photograph if reproduced as a half-
page cut, or smaller, and \$5 if reproduced in
larger size than a half page. Enclosed herewith
is a brief account of the object or event de-
picted in the attached photograph, which The
Outlook is at liberty to use as it sees fit. My
name and address are as follows:

Name.....

Address.....



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are sold. Among your friends are men who entertain a warm regard for Robt. Burns.

Frankly, isn't it high time you got on smoking terms with Robt. Burns? Most good dealers will be glad to introduce you to a Robt. Burns *Invincible* or *Longfellow*.

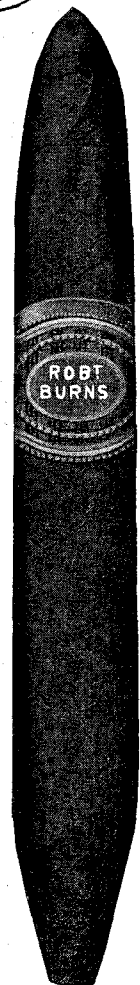
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BONDS - PREFERRED STOCKS - ACCEPTANCES



THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

BETTER RAILWAY SERVICE NOW

(From the "Iron Age")

If a railway car costs three times as much as it did before the war, it is good business to spend three times as much money getting service out of the car. The best freight car movement shown for a year was in 1916, an average of 26.9 miles a day. Last year the average was 23.1 miles. No later statistics have been presented. As there are about 2,300,000 freight cars, a variation of a mile a day from the 1919 average is equivalent to 100,000 freight cars. Computing precisely, at the 1919 rate of travel, 380,000 more cars would be required to perform the same service than if the cars moved at the 1916 rate. For the average of the past three months an estimate of 20 miles would be high, and at that rate of travel it would require 3,200,000 cars to perform the same service as 2,300,000 cars at 26.9 miles a day, or 900,000 cars more.

Mr. Willard is certainly competent to speak, being President of the Baltimore and Ohio and chairman of the Advisory Committee of executive officers which on July 1 started to deal with the Inter-State Commerce Commission and exercise general supervision over the handling of equipment and the movement of traffic. In a comprehensive and intelligent statement before the Commission on July 8 Mr. Willard said: "I believe it should be and really is possible to obtain an average movement of thirty miles per day under normal circumstances." He also argued for heavier loading than the average of seventy per cent of capacity lately shown, and for greater loaded movement than the present sixty-eight per cent.

Surely it has been made clear that the railway problem, which has reached the crisis stage, is not only simply involving hastily constructed additional cars and locomotives. Enlarged terminals and additional block signaling will help, but such matters involve years of construction. The country cannot wait, nor is it disposed to wait. The immediate problem is clear-cut, that of securing greater efficiency in the use of the railway plant now existing. The plant itself cannot be changed measurably in a few months or in a year. The service secured from the plant can be improved as quickly as means can be found and applied for doing so.

It is generally accepted that for a period of years there must be great expansion in the physical facilities of the railways. New cars are needed, not so much to increase the total number, for many cars now are simply cluttering the tracks, as to replace cars that are not fit to render the requisite service, when track space is so valuable. Locomotives are needed, both to increase the total number and to replace unfit engines. More track signaling is required, more second track, more yard and terminal facilities. This involves a work of years,



MADE WITH A VEST POCKET KODAK

*You don't carry it;
you wear it—
like a watch.*

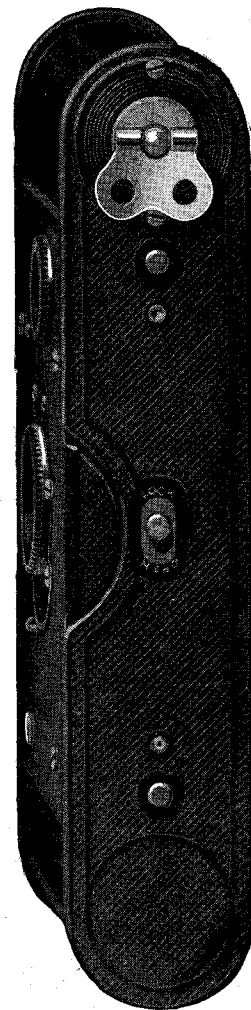
The Vest Pocket KODAK

With a "Vest Pocket" you're always ready for the unexpected that is sure to happen.

Your larger camera you carry when you *plan* to take pictures. The Vest Pocket Kodak you have constantly with you to capture the charms of the unusual. It is small in size but lacks nothing in quality.

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The ARCO WAND has shut out the drudgery of housecleaning from my home, and I never worry about extra help. Easy stroking for a few minutes with the light ARCO WAND tool keeps my house dust-free, and preserves the color and fabric of carpets, rugs, hangings and upholstery. I use the ARCO WAND all over the house—for floors, mouldings, stairways, bookshelves, drawers and mattresses. It costs about a penny a day to operate.

The ARCO WAND is *noiseless* in operation, and the light hose and tools are easily connected to the openings on each floor—no heavy machine to drag around. No filthy dust-bag to empty, as all dirt is piped into the sealed dust bucket of the machine in the basement. It is

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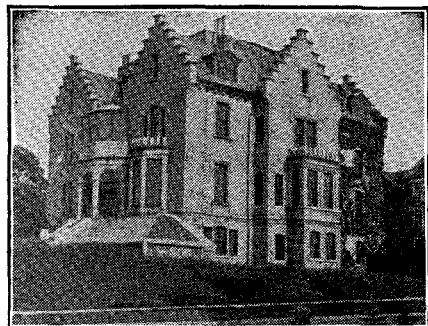
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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS
(Continued)

and is not the immediate problem, which is one of improving the performance of the existing facilities, by improvements in methods, by the rendering of better service by every one connected with the railways, from the highest official down to the common laborer, and by greater co-operation on the part of the shipping public.

No one should delude himself by thinking that the test of American railroading is guaranteed to last for the whole period necessary for the making of the physical improvements that are needed. If the traffic situation is not speedily improved, within a period of months, the issue of Government ownership and operation will be presented again, and he is a resourceful and ingenious man indeed who can outline how it will be possible to meet propaganda along that line.

There can be no doubt whatever that the shippers as a body do not desire a change from private to public ownership and operation. They recognize clearly that the present difficulties, involving both methods of conducting transportation and the spirit in which men engaged in the business of transportation render their service, would

be greatly aggravated in any system of Government operation. It would be "out of the frying-pan into the fire;" but the practical question is one of preventing the issue from coming up, and this can be done only by the railways making a better showing in the next few months with the physical facilities they have.

**THE MOTOR TRUCK—AN
 ECONOMIC NECESSITY**

(From "Service," published by the Service Motor Truck Company)

Ask the next ten men you meet what industry is the most vital to the Nation, and every one of them will answer *farming*—raising food.

But the foodstuffs do very little good until they are transported to our cities, and transportation in this country is very badly demoralized.

The railways are short 700,000 freight cars and 4,000 locomotives. This equipment could not be built in the next three years, even if all railway shops were to work full blast. But even when this shortage of equipment is met there will not be enough rails to run it on. The railways are tied up, not only from the lack of cars and engines, but from a shortage of rails and adequate terminal facilities.

Think of it! The average freight car moves only twenty-five miles a day. This slow progress is due almost entirely to congestion. Relieve this congestion, and you can increase the average rate of travel to thirty miles a day.

This increase in travel would mean an equivalent of 600,000 cars, which would almost make up for the cars the railways are now short. The point is, the railways now get very little good out of the cars they have. What they want is less congestion.

There are 2,400,000 freight cars in use, and they can take care of the country's transportation, provided they are not held up by the short-haul business that is responsible for the present tie-up.

That's where the motor truck steps in. It must take the short-haul business—hauls up to sixty miles. The railways admit they lose money on hauls shorter than this distance and if they are to survive they must either raise freight rates to offset this loss or turn the short haul over to the motor truck.

But an increase in rates will not relieve this congestion; will not solve the problem.

The motor truck can and must solve it. The railways see this. They are not hostile to the truck.

The motor truck is not running in competition with the railways. It is simply helping them out of a bad pinch, and turning the loss into a profitable business, which will solve one of the Nation's most vital problems. Motor-truck transportation is one of the vital necessities of the country to-day. . . .

In these days when bankers are not looking around to find some one to whom to loan money, they are supporting the motor-truck industry in a manner which indicates that they realize not only the growing demand for trucks but their absolute necessity.

The motor truck is a good investment. It pays for itself. It is a business proposition, pure and simple, and is helping solve the transportation problem that is one of the most serious considerations that the Nation has to face at this time.

BY THE WAY

England has decided to put her soldiers into the brilliant uniforms of pre-war days. One reason is said to be that the gay uniforms appeal to the average nursemaid, and therefore enlistment is brisker under the old system. It is estimated that the cost to the country for changing uniforms will be about three million pounds. The London "Spectator" says: "The old uniforms with their color, their highly distinctive marks, and their gay appearance have a great value for recruiting purposes; and that, as money has to be spent on advertising for recruits in any case, the money may just as well be spent in this form of advertisement."

The energetic press service of the United States Marine Corps sends us a bulletin from Ann Arbor, Michigan, with the following curious, if not important, information:

A piece of beef cooked in 1805 is still being carefully preserved in a little silver pitcher by Edward B. Manwaring, of this city. This is not being kept in anticipation of a further increase in the cost of beef, but is a genuine heirloom. Sergeant Joseph Hobbins, of the British Royal Marines, saved this piece of beef, which he was eating when assaulted with an ax by a cook on a French vessel which had been captured by Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. The cook missed his aim but the sergeant got the beef. Sergeant Hobbins was the great-great-grandfather of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward B. Manwaring, of the United States Marine Corps.

France has been investigating the subject of her pre-war pensions with a view to possible economy, and has found seventy-eight pensions dating from the days of Napoleon the Great, and a few of still earlier date. Among these was one payable to the descendants of La Boissiere de Chambord, "who had the honor of being killed at a shooting party by Mgr. le Dauphin." This pension, it is said, ceased only a few months ago by the death of the last of the descendants. A pension to Montcalm's descendants also became extinct recently.

The "ladybug," enemy of minute insect life, has been commercialized. A reader sends us a clipping from the Redlands (California) "Daily Facts" (a novel newspaper title, by the way) which contains this advertisement:

For Sale—Ladybugs. Orders taken, \$2.50 per pint. Eat young scale and aphids. H. C. Emm, 126 Sonora. Green 951.

There is no end to the ingenuity of the evil-doer. A London newspaper is responsible for this story about a "new Raffles." The other day a lady and her daughter who live in a service flat in town received by post two stalls for a theater, an accompanying note running: "Perhaps you will guess from whom these come. Hope you will have a pleasant evening." They used the stalls, enjoyed the play extremely, and, returning home, found their flat ransacked by burglars. And awaiting them was another note: "Perhaps you can guess now who sent the tickets."

It is related that Augustine Birrell some time ago, while traveling in a third-class railway carriage in the north of England, sat down hurriedly next to a little girl in shawl and clogs. Happening to glance at her a moment or two afterward, he saw that she was regarding him with no great favor. It dawned upon him that he was sitting on her newspaper. "Here, my



High Living which costs only one cent per dish

The Quaker Oats breakfast is the height of good living, for the oat is the greatest food that grows.

Practically every element the body needs is there in right proportions. And in a luscious food. No price could buy a better breakfast for the grown-up or the child.

Yet you serve a large dish for one cent—the cost of a bite of meat.

Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories of nutriment per pound. It supplies sixteen elements in well-balanced form. A pound of round steak yields 890 calories, and of eggs 635.

One cup of Quaker Oats contains as many calories as a pound of fish.

Food Values

Note how foods differ in the cost per calory. These comparisons on necessary foods are based on prices at this writing.

Cost per 1,000 calories	
Quaker Oats	5½c
Average meats	45c
Average fish	50c
Hen's eggs	60c

85% less for breakfast

A Quaker Oats breakfast saves 85 per cent compared with the average meat breakfast. It supplies supreme nutrition for the first meal of the day. It saves the average family about 35 cents toward costlier foods for dinner.

Quaker Oats

The choicest one-third of the oats

In Quaker Oats you get just queen grains flaked. All the puny, insipid grains are discarded. A bushel of choice oats yields only ten pounds of Quaker. Yet these rich, flavory oat flakes cost you no extra price. Be wise enough to get them.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

The use of The Outlook in the teaching of *Current History* *Civics* *English and* *Rhetoric*

has been increasing amazingly within the past few years. Hundreds of schools and colleges are finding this compact, concise, straight-spoken illustrated weekly journal of current events of inestimable value.

One instructor, for instance, writes :

"The students have taken up The Outlook study with much zest and earnestness, and they seem to be deriving a great deal of benefit and profit from the weekly assignments."

Another says :

"It has proven excellent for our exercises in Current History, and I hope to extend the use of it next year still further."

And still another :

"Permit me to say that the class is delighted with The Outlook. They have used other periodicals previously and volunteer the information that The Outlook is the best."

And another :

"The Outlook has been entirely satisfactory and will be continued next term. The other weekly we used will not be used again, as it suffered in comparison with your paper."

Perhaps such expressions would be of less importance were it not for the fact that in the last eight years the use of The Outlook in schools and colleges as an aid in the teaching of Current History, Civics, English, and Rhetoric has increased 3,027%—three thousand and twenty-seven per cent.

We shall be glad to send you an explanatory pamphlet—it is on the presses now and will be ready for mailing shortly—which gives a complete outline of suggestions for the use of The Outlook in class-room work. You will find it, we believe, of real value. It would be better to give your school address, as the mailing may be delayed until early in September.

The Outlook's special class-room rates are also announced and explained in this pamphlet.

There is no charge and there is no obligation. Simply drop a line of inquiry to

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

BY THE WAY

(Continued)

dear," said Mr. Birrell, pulling the paper from under him and handing it to her; "I'm sorry." The little girl did not look quite satisfied, but she said nothing till a few minutes later the train drew up at a station. "Please, sir," she then inquired, weakly, "may I have my fried fish?" It was in the paper.

A friend writes apropos of a recent item about mispronunciations: "The funniest mispronunciations, or misuse of words, I have ever read of are, in their order of appeal to me: The little girl who wrote her grandmother about having attended a 'christian and devil' meeting at church. Three answers to 'exam' questions: 'A plagiarist is a writer of plays;' 'a demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other liquids;' 'a vacuum is a large empty place where the Pope lives.'"

Here is a new form of an old story: A small storekeeper put up in his window not long ago an elaborate new blind. Quoth his neighbor: "Nice blind of yours, Isaac." "Yes," was the reply. "Who paid for it, Isaac?" "The customers paid." "What? You say the customers paid for it, Isaac?" "Yes. I put a leedle box on my counter and labeled it, 'For the Blind,' and they paid for it."

Says a correspondent of the San Francisco "Argonaut" under the heading "Poetry of the Senses:": "Witter Bynner is said to have worked off a pretty good one at the Poetry Society Banquet. Some one asked him if Burns and Noyes could not be likened to each other. Bynner replied: 'Well, you can feel Burns, while you can only hear Noyes.'"

From London "Opinion"

When Lord Dunsany, poet and dramatist, presided recently over the Shakespeare Dinner of the O.P. Club, one recalled that he used to be a bit shy of this kind of publicity. But as he said on another similar occasion: "You don't call this public! You ought to have seen our trenches under Messines Ridge. That's the most public place I have ever been in. We were in a valley. The Germans were on a hill. They could see down to our boot tops. I am six feet four. Our trenches were only six feet deep. I shall never fear 'publicity' again."

The reader may find it worth the trouble to get down Marlowe's poem "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love" to compare it with the following clever parody by Julian Drachman, which appeared in "Judge":

THE PASSIONATE HOUSEWIFE

(With apologies to the late Kit Marlowe, Esq., of the Boar's Head)

Oh, come with me and be my maid!
Your every wish will be obeyed.
I'll rise each day to light the fire
And do whatever you desire.
Humbly I'll make it all my task
To give you everything you ask:
A suite of rooms—a limousine—
Oh, stay with me and be my queen!
You needn't do the family wash,
Or wait on table, trim the squash,
Or cook the dinner, scour or rub
The silverware, or dust, or scrub.
You needn't soap the children's faces,
Put the dishes in their places,
Answer when the door-bell rings,
Or do those other stupid things;
But I will give you gowns galore
And every evening off and more,
And gifts, and tips—and homage paid.
Oh, stay with me and be my maid!



An alarming condition among American children

School authorities say one child in every three—rich and poor alike—is undernourished

FROM no less an authority than Dr. Thomas Wood comes the alarming statement that no fewer than 5,000,000 of America's school children are suffering from malnutrition. Dr. Wm. R. P. Emerson says the number *undernourished* is greater than that—one child in every three!

Fathers and mothers who live in cities may think it's a condition of the poor; but statistics show it equally prevalent among the children of the moderately well-to-do and the children of the rich.

In country and city

Parents who send their children to country schools may lay the blame on city life; but, says Louise Stevens Bryant, "rural school children on the whole show a higher percentage of malnutrition than do city children."

Wherever you live, whatever your circumstances, the chances are about one in three that *your* child is among these millions handicapped.

Lack of sufficient food is not necessarily the cause of this condition. Most often it comes from lack of food of the right kind, from an insufficient supply of certain food elements.

The 16 vital elements

Sixteen natural food elements are needed to keep the normal human being strong and well and filled with that abundant vitality which provides for growth and the warding off of disease.

In the wheat grain Nature provides these sixteen vital elements in more nearly the proper proportion than in any other food, save possibly milk.

But many of the most important of these are lost in modern methods of wheat preparation, through removal of the six outer layers of the wheat grain, commonly called the bran.

We lose too many

We get a considerable part of the protein, the starch and the fat; but we lose practically all of the mineral elements which our bodies indisputably need—the iron, for instance, which makes red blood to carry the oxygen upon which all of the energy-yielding processes of nutrition depend—the calcium and phosphorus which build the bones and the teeth.

Only in the whole wheat grain can *all* the needed elements be secured.

How Nature tempts us

Nature tempts us to take these elements of energy and health—tempts with delightful tastes and flavors.

As in Pettijohn's a whole wheat breakfast food, rich and gratifying to the palate.

Its steaming fragrance awakens sluggish appetites in old and young alike.

For its nut-like sweetness children love it; for its abundant nourishment grown-ups prefer it.

With cream and a bit of sugar, if you wish, it makes a vital energy ration of luscious flavor.

If you have a child who shows any of the signs of malnutrition (see panel)—try Pettijohn's.

If you yourself have been feeling below your normal in vigor and vim—try Pettijohn's. Perhaps with you it's simply a matter of relieving congestion of the intestinal tract. Pettijohn's with its natural bran laxative will soon set you right.

Your grocer has Pettijohn's or will gladly get it for you. Make tomorrow's breakfast of this sixteen-vital-elements food.

Made by the Quaker Oats Co., 1626-H Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

An official in Chicago's public schools has said: "It is noticeable that the children of special rooms for backward children give evidence of malnutrition. The backward child is usually a case of malnutrition."

Is your child

Run down
Frail
Delicate
Under-developed
Pale
Always tired
Easily upset
Irritable
Backward in school
Not himself

?

These are signs of malnutrition! The chances are your child needs more of the sixteen-vital-elements food.

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THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of
the most homelike hotels in the world.
Your inquiries gladly answered
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desires sell cheap. Blue prints and photo-
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house, 8 rooms, bath, fireplace, large veranda,
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Alma Hibbard, Gansevoort, N. Y.**DOMESTIC SCIENCE** correspondence
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Side Box 5, Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jack-
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plicant should possess high Christian character,
school experience, kindness, firmness, and
ability to discipline. None others need apply.
Write Pennington School, Pennington, N. J.**WANTED—Managing stewardess** for boys'
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vision of dining-room, laundry, and kitchen,
including catering for meals and managing
servants in departments mentioned. Good
period of school experience necessary. None
others need apply. Write Pennington School,
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Companions and Domestic Helpers**WANTED—Working housekeeper**, by tw-
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Address 54 South Parsons Ave., Flushing, N.Y.**PLACEMENT BUREAU** for employer an-
employee. Housekeepers, matrons, dietitians,
governesses, mother's helpers, secretaries,
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Outlook.**Teachers and Governesses****WANTED—Competent teachers** for public
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Send for circulars. Albany Teachers Agency,
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community church. 8,667, Outlook.**Business Situations****EXPERIENCED hotel manager** desires
position as caterer. College or institution, or
manager of woman's club or tea room. 8,687,
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useful companion or to look after welfare of
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overseeing household. 8,692, Outlook.**REFINED** and experienced young lady
desires position as "home manager." Can
give best social and business references.
8,690, Outlook.**Teachers and Governesses****EXPERIENCED**, efficient teacher, cul-
tured American, Protestant, offers thorough
physical and mental training. Music, French,
Latin, nature study, dietetics. Best refer-
ences. State salary. 8,662, Outlook.**GOVERNESS—Refined**, educated young
French woman with references, would like
position as governess. Mademoiselle Yvonne
Bouché, 51 Evergreen Ave., Hartford, Conn.**EXPERIENCED governess** wishes position
in Chicago or vicinity. Eastern and Middle
Western references. Teaches piano also. In-
terview in Chicago if desired. 8,673, Outlook.**GOVERNESS—Experienced**. Exceptional
references. Teaches children 8 to 14. 8,674,
Outlook.**TEACHER**, Ph.D., experienced in biology
and mathematics, desires position in college or
high grade secondary school under religious
auspices. 8,662, Outlook.**SOPRANO soloist** desires position. Eight
years State Normal School. Public school
methods. Theory, appreciation. Library ex-
perience. 8,680, Outlook.**TEACHER** of German, eight years' experi-
ence New York school, wishes position,
French and some music. 8,691, Outlook.**MISCELLANEOUS****FOR adoption—Bright**, healthy, attractive
girl, 10½ years old, of gentle birth. 8,661,
Outlook.**GUARDIAN** or parent—Philadelphia cler-
gyman, married, with own boy of 10, desires
oversight of boy 10 to 13 years old. Excellent
school to attend and good home. Strict re-
ferences required and given. Fine opportunity
for the right boy. 8,656, Outlook.**M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency**,
established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery.
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The Outlook

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Vol. 125 August 11, 1920 No. 15

THE OUTLOOK IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. N. T. PULSIFER, VICE-PRESIDENT. FRANK C. HOYT, TREASURER. ERNEST H. ABBOTT, SECRETARY. TRAVERS D. CARMAN, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

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New York City



Mr. Aesop gets a shock

The genial fable-maker of Greece pointed many a moral against self-interest. But what seemed to him an evil, today we place in the column of virtues. Shocking indeed to Aesop!

Events have been happening in the electric light and power industry to prove that self-interest in each of us can benefit our neighbors as much as ourselves. And thereby hangs a tale—

There is a certain broad valley in this land where till recently business was poorer than a church mouse, and the cost of living higher than folks liked to think about. Therefore some merchants and artisans and farmers met to find the remedy.

Said a farmer, "If the electric power plant only reached out my way, I could irrigate a hundred acres more."

"Then I'd build you a new barn," a carpenter replied.

Said a real estate man, "I've fifty building lots nobody will buy, because I can't get electricity there."

"Think of all the furnishings I might sell to fifty homes," sighed a department store man.

Electric light and power! That was the need. The Electric Company couldn't furnish half enough. It hadn't the money to extend its service. Rates were low. Investors wouldn't invest.

So these business men asked the public service commission to grant the Company a higher rate.

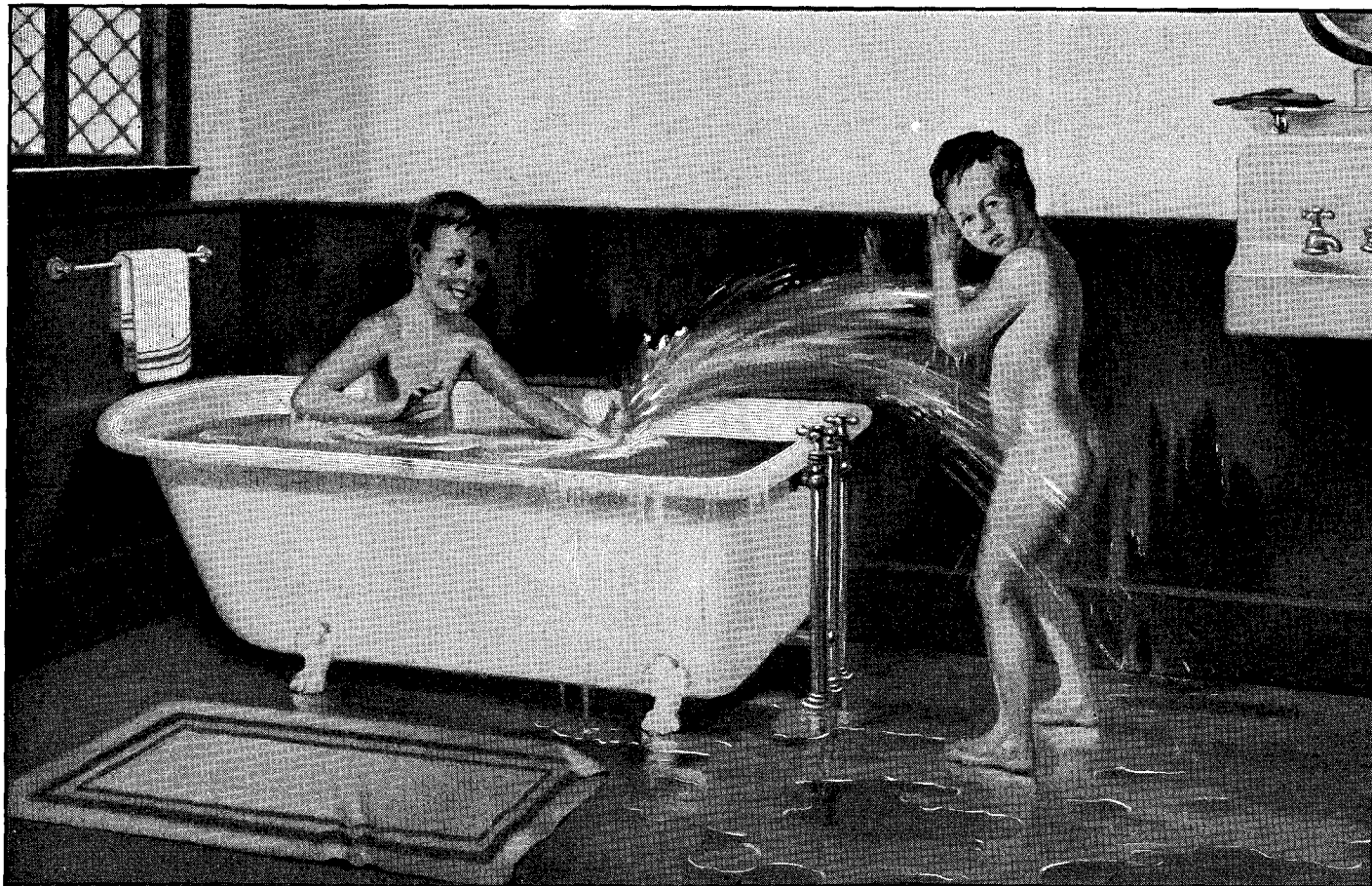
The commission raised the rate. That made the Electric Company a safer investment, and people began to buy its bonds. With the added resources the Company built a bigger service. Homes sprang up along the lines. Everybody's sales increased. Factories and farms, with ample power to produce larger quantities, sold with profit at lower prices.

Moral: Perhaps in your own community the Electric Company is hampered by a lack of funds. Then, to invest in the Company's bonds or to pay a little more on your electric bill may be the surest way to boost your own business—and boost your town as well.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by what ever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 19 *Reaching into every corner of this broad land, even to the most secluded farm, the Western Electric organization brings all the conveniences and the utility of electric light, power and communication.*



Waterproof your bathroom with Valspar Varnish

WATER may splash—suds and lather may fly—scalding steam may cloud the room, but no harm will be done to your bathroom woodwork when protected by Valspar Varnish.

For Valspar is absolutely waterproof.

But not only in your bathroom, in every room in your home there is woodwork that needs Valspar protection.

Your front hall and stairs—here wet shoes, dripping umbrellas and raincoats quickly ruin any ordinary varnish.

Then your front door needs waterproof Valspar protection against driving rain and snow.

And you will find that such floor coverings as linoleum, congoleum and oil cloth are wonderfully brightened by a coat of Valspar—that Valsparred, they wear much longer.

Then a thought for your furniture—especially the dining-room table and sideboard. No rings from hot dishes, no stains from spilled liquids can mar furniture protected by Valspar.

Remember that Valspar is very easy to apply and that it is poor economy to let yourself be talked into buying cheap varnish. Valspar costs more than ordinary varnish—re-varnishing costs more than Valspar.

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